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And Glorious Actions fill the Trump of Fame
He Hydra's, Tyrants, Lions does destroy,
And saves the Daughter of the King of *TR* O



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THE NEW
HISTORY
OF THE
Trojan Wars
AND
TROY's Destruction.

In Four BOOKS.

CONTAINING,

- I. An Account of the *Birth, Life Death* and Glorious *Actions* of the Mighty **HERCULES** of Greece.
- II. The Renowned and Valiant Deeds of the most famous **HECTOR** of *Troy*.
- III. The Rape of Fair *Helen* of Greece; together with the last Destruction of *Troy*, by the Stratagem of the *Wooden Horse*.
- IV. The Arrival of *Brute* in *Britain*, and how he conquered *Albion* and his Giants, and built *Troynovant*, now *London*.

To which is Added,

The Siege of *Troy*, a Tragi-Comedy, as it has been often acted with great Applause.

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THE PREFACE.

READER,

IN this New Book (for so I may venture perfectly to call it; as being entire in itself, and independant of others) you will be entertained with so pleasing and delightful a Theme, founded on the Ruins of Antiquity, and revived from the Overwhelmingings of Time, that it may be properly termed, *A Gay and Youthful Phoenix arising from the Ashes of many by-past Ages.* The Story indeed is not unknown to the greatest Part of Mankind, as having been sounded by the loud Trumpet of Fame to all the known Parts of the World, but having been confounded with Fables and Tales not warranted by Authentick Historians, I have laboured with much Industry to clear up that Light which shined before but dimly thro' a thick shadowing Cloud, which much eclipsed the bright Lustre of true History, distinguishing between it, and what is meerly held to be Fabulous.

THE PREFACE.

This weighty Subject, tho' mixed with various other Matters, is chiefly aimed at, and treats of the Lives and mighty Actions of Hercules of Greece, and Hector Prince of Troy; of the Rape of fair Helen of Greece, and the famous Ten Years Wars, between the Greeks and Trojans; at the End of which, that renowned City which commanded the Asian Provinces, was by a Stratagem taken and levelled with the Ground, with the Death of King Priamus, and almost all his numerous Issue. As also, How Brute, King of the Trojans, arrived in this Island of Britain, and conquered Albion and his Giants, building a New Troy, where London now stands; in Memory of which, the Effigies of the two Giants in Guild-Hall were set up; with many other very remarkable and famous Passages, to revive Antiquity out of the Dust, and give those that shall peruse this elaborate Work, a true Knowledge of what passed in Ancient Times, so that they may be able readily to discourse of Things that had been obliterated from the Memories of most People, and gain a Certainty of the famous Deeds of the most renowned Worthies of the World.

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THE NEW
HISTORY
OF THE
Destruction of TROY.

In Four BOOKS.

BOOK I.

CHAP. I.

*An Account of the Parentage, Begetting, and
Birth of the Famous and Renowned Hercules.*

THE Renowned and Victorious Hercules, whose Fame and matchless Deeds in Arms and virtuous Exploits, has long since spread his Name and Fame throughout the World, and made him the Subject of many Discourses, is held by Authors and Poets to be the Son of Jupiter, whom the Ancients held for a God, and Alcmene, the Wife of Amphytrion. And thus we find it recorded.

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That

That after *Jupiter* had obtained many great Victories in *Greece*, and other Places, subduing many Realms, bringing Tyrants and Monsters to yield to the Puissance of his Arms; coming to *Thebes*, then a Capital City in *Greece*, and beholding the incomparable Beauties of *Alcmena*, he fell desperately in Love with her, and could not rest 'till he had enjoyed her. Many Ways he cast in his Mind to bring his Design about, as fearing the Jealousie of the Husband, and the Disdain of the Wife, if he should too boldly appear in the Business.

However, being great in Credit with King *Creon*, who governed the City, he went with an Army to besiege *Thellipoli*, in which *Amphytrion* had a Command, and had such good Fortune, that he brought that City in Subjection to King *Creon*: But his Love to the fair Lady still running in his Mind, he secretly left the Army, with only *Ganimedes*, who attended him, and coming to the Castle where she resided, attended in the most splendid manner, he changed himself by the Art of his Magick, into the Shape of her Husband; so that she perceived not the Defraud, and by that means enjoyed the most beautiful Lady in the World, who thought she had all the while her own Husband in her Arms; enchanting likewise all the Servants, and casting them into a dead Sleep for three Days, setting *Ganimedes* Centinel at the Gate, with a Command, That if *Amphytrion* approached by Day, he should cast
a Powder

Troy's Destruction.

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a Powder he gave him at the same time, into the Air, and all should become suddenly dark, so that he should not find his Way 'till he had his Fill of Love: And so it proved; for at the End of three Days, *Amphytrion* coming, he withdrew, leaving the Lady in so sound a Sleep, that when her Husband came to Bed to her, she thought all that had passed before, proceeded from the Effects of a pleasant Dream, and the Servants imagined they had slept but one Night.

After this Enjoyment, and the Departure of *Jupiter* and *Ganimedes*, she grew big of Twins. as it soon appeared, and great was the Joy of her Husband: But this coming to the Knowledge of *Juno*, the Wife of *Jupiter*, she remembered how she had heard her Husband praise the Beauty of *Alcmena*, and immediately contrived to destroy the Birth in Womb by Sorcery and Magick; but failing in that, she heard she was safely delivered, after much hard Pain she had made her endure, of two Children; the one of these was of large Limbs, very fair, and of a manly Proportion, being the first born, and was called *Hercules*, the Subject of this History; the other weak and sickly, and was named *Ypecheus*: The last held to be the Son of *Amphytrion*, by After-Enjoyments. And great Rejoycing and Feasting was had upon these Births.

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CHAP.

C H A P. II.

How Juno would have destroyed Hercules, and how he strangled two Serpents in his Cradle that had killed his Brother; and of the mighty Strength he had in his Youth.

JUNO growing enraged, as inspired with Jealousie, that what she had done took no Effect, resolved not to give it over; but procuring two great deadly Serpents, got privately into the Castle, or Palace of *Arciancy*, where the Children were nursed; and when their Mother and the Nurses were gone from them, leaving only a Lamp burning, as is the manner of the *Greeks*, she put in those venomous Creatures, who soon killed *Ipecheus*, weak and unable to resist their Force; but mounting the Cradle of *Hercules*, it proved otherwise; for with an unexpected Strength, breaking his Swadling-bands, he put them back by Force many Times; but they, thirsty of his Blood, came on with fierce Assaults; whereupon, catching one in either Hand by the Neck, he grasped them so hard, that he strangled them; whereat giving a loud Cry, the Nurses and others came running in, and were amazed at what they beheld, greatly marvelling at the Adventure.

But this sufficed not the persecuting *Juno*; for when *Hercules* was carried to the Temple of *Mars* at *Athens*, and every Body applauded

his

his Victory over the Serpents, she secretly spread it amongst the People, that he could be no other but the Son of King *Jupiter*, having all his Likeness and Lineaments; which coming to the Ears of *Amphytrion*, he grew jealous of his Wife, and could not endure the Sight of *Hercules*, but intreated King *Euristeus* to take him, and bring him up out of his Sight.

Hercules growing up in the Court of King *Euristeus*, was admired by all for his comely Personage, Largeness of Limbs, and more for his Strength; yet he gave himself over to Hardship, and all manner of noble Exercise; which so well pleased the King, that he caused his Son *Theseus* to be brought up with him; and they continued as Brothers ever afterwards: he carrying away the Prize in the Wrestling-Games, Running, Shooting, and other Exercises; so that at Sixteen no Man could out-do him. And having in a general Assembly of Princes, and all sorts of People, behaved himself to Admiration, *Megara*, Daughter to King *Creon*, then a Spectator of his manly Actions, an amiable Person, fell desperately in Love with him, having always her Eyes upon him; which made him shew his Valour the more, to the Cost and Disgrace of those that contended with him; and he beholding her excellent Beauty, and rich Perfections, set out by Art and Nature, had his Heart on a sudden smitten, and pierced with the Dart

Dart of Love, that he found himself all on a Flame.

Whilst these Things passed, his Fame and Praises grew every Day louder and louder, insomuch that the People cried, He was neither the Son of *Amphyryon*, or of *Jupiter*, but of the God of Nature, who had endued him with a double Force, which no Man might stand against; and on this, and many other valorous Accounts, he in his Youth set forth his Renown in *Greece*, instituting the Games in the Honour of the Princely Pastimes, called *Olympiads*, from the Mount *Olympius*; from which were afterwards dated their Writings, as amongst us, by the Year of our LORD, &c.

C H A P. III.

How Hercules fell in Love with the fair Princess Megara, and conquered two mighty Giants, with the Island of Hesperia, and the Golden Sheep, and rescued the King of Troy's Daughter, by killing a mighty Sea-Monster.

HERcules burning in Love towards the fair Princess *Megara*, whilst he was in the Court of *Athens*, with *Euristeus* his Foster Father, and other Kings and Lords, there arrived there certain Sea-faring Men, cloathed in curious Woollen Garments, such as had not been

been seen before in *Greece*, and being demanded Of what Country they were, and where they had them? Their Reply was, They were of *Hesperia*, the pleasantest Country in the World for all Things necessary to the Use and Benefit of Mankind, and that near it, one *Philotes*, Son-in-Law to *Atlas*, and King of the Island, kept a great Number of Sheep, whose Flesh was very delicious, and of whose Wooll their Garments were made; but that they were strictly guarded, and not to be had, but at the Price of much Gold, or by Conquest.

The Strangers were no sooner dismissed, but *Euristeus* began to wish, that he had some of those Sheep to breed in *Greece*, though he gave the Weight of them in Gold: Hereupon *Hercules*, then present, declared (notwithstanding he had heard from the Strangers, that this *Philotes* was a dreadful Giant, and by his Strength had driven out the Inhabitants, and possessed himself of the Sheep, swearing never to bear Arms, if he could find any Man in the World stronger than himself, whilst that Party lived) That he would go and fetch some of those Sheep without any Price, or perish in the Attempt; and though the Kings and Princes laboured many Ways to dissuade him from so hazardous an Enterprize, he shewed them such Reasons and Resolution for his Undertaking, that they furnished him out a gallant Ship, and Prince *Theseus*, and many Nobles of *Greece*,

Greece, accompany'd him. So that after long Sailing, they found the Island, by what had been described to them; yet no sooner had they landed, but a Giant, Servant to *Philotes*, who kept the Passage of the Rock they were to ascend, came armed in a terrible threatening manner to oppose them, sternly demanding their Business: To whom *Hercules* replied, They came for Sheep, and were resolved to have them. That may be, said the Giant, if you have Gold enough. But we, replied *Hercules*, will have them at the Price your Master got them; that is, by the Sword. Upon this the Giant blew an Horn, to give his Master Notice of the coming of Strangers, and laid on *Hercules*, who was foremost, very furiously: but *Hercules*, by main Force, put him back e'er *Philotes* could arrive, and with a full Blow, breaking his Shield, his Sword entred his Body, and laid him dead at his Feet.

This greatly amazed and grieved *Philotes*, so that he addressed himself against *Hercules* with a great Battle-Ax. and gave him such a Blow on his Shield, as made him stagger; but he soon recovered it, and a mortal Combat began, and continued the remaining part of the Day, 'till Night coming on, parted them; and then coming to a Parley, they made a Bargain, That whoever was vanquished, should for the saving his Life, be the Conqueror's Servant, during Life, but not to bear Arms, unless in his own Defence: And Fortune so favoured

favoured *Hercules*, that when the Combat was renewed, he pretending himself faint, and retreating, no sooner got his Enemy from his Stand, or advantageous Ground; but coming at him like a *Lion*, with many Wounds, he brought him to beg his Life, and submit upon the aforesaid Conditions; and so refreshing themselves, and lading their Ship with Ewes and Rams, taking *Philotes* with him, who loved and served him ever after, he returned towards *Greece*.

Hercules in his way home, happening by cross Winds to be driven in at the Port of *Troy*, understood, That by the Directions of the Oracle, to stay a Plague that had happened upon the Account of King *Laomedon's* taking the Money out of the Temple of the *Sun* and the *Sea*, to build the City, and not restoring it at the Time appointed, a Virgin by Lot, was to be fastened to a Rock, to be devoured by a Sea Monster, 'till he could be destroyed by the Force of one Man, and that at that Time the Lot was fallen upon *Exione*, the King's Daughter, who was conducted by a Number of her weeping Friends.

Hercules complementing them, and saluting the King, promised to undertake this great Exploit, resolving to vanquish the Monster, or die for the Princess's Sake, desiring some massie Bar or Club of Iron might be given him to defend himself; and although they thought this a vain Undertaking against so huge

huge and cruel a Creature, yet the King and People consented, with Promise of great Rewards, the King promising, amongst other Things, his choicest Horses; a mighty Bar of Iron was fetched from the Palace of *Ilium*, which a strong Man of *Troy* could hardly carry on his Shoulder, yet *Hercules* swung it round his Head with Ease, and ever after fought with it in his Battels and Combates; and again, solemnly taking Leave of the beautiful Princess, who was fast bound to a Rock, and overflowed with a Deluge of Tears, he betook himself to a little Boat, but had not been therein long, but the Sea swell'd and roared terribly, and upon the Rising of a Wave, the Monster shewed his Head, with fiery Eyes, and all the Aspects that might create Fear and Horror in any but *Hercules*, who was not at all daunted; but as the Monster approached, for his Royal Breakfast, he gave him such a mighty Blow on the Head, that he roared so loud, as made the Sea and Shore tremble, casting great Floods of Water out of his Mouth, insomuch that the Boat was full, and sunk; yet it being near the Shore, *Hercules* stood to the Waste in Water, and as the Monster attempted to reach at the Virgin, he drove him back with a mighty Stroke, and laid so long upon his Head and Nose, that notwithstanding his often Attempts to swallow them both, which by the Mightiness of his Throat he had done, could he have reached

reached them, he at last fell by a Blow that broke his Skull, and then the Sea withdrawing, left him, after many other Blows, Lifeless; when unbinding the Princess, *Hercules* presented her to her Parents, who received her with Tears of Joy, and would have given her to him, but he refused it for the Love he bore to *Megara*.

However, he was received by the Citizens with Songs, Garlands, Musick and Triumph, many Days feasting being held for this great Deliverance; the Virgins especially made great Joy, that they were freed from the Fear of Death, and thousands went to see the dead Monster, with great Amazement, admiring the mighty Strokes of *Hercules* breaking his Bones, which it was thought impossible any Stroke could do; for so great was the Monster, that three hundred Horses could not draw him from the Shore.

C H A P. IV.

How he was shut out of Troy; overthrows a mighty Pyrate; and returns to Thebes. He besieges Troy, takes it, and lays it waste the first Time, carrying Priamus, the King's Son away Prisoner.

H*Hercules* and his *Greeks*, upon this glorious Success, feasted four Days in the Palace of *Ilium*; but on the fifth, they going a Hunting,
at

at their Return, found the Gates shut against them, and Entrance denied; *Laomedon* telling *Hercules* from the Wall, That he durst not trust him any longer in it, lest the People should revolt, and proclaim him King

Hercules, whose Virtue was above Treachery, was much enraged at this, and demanded however the Horses he had promised him; but he refused to deliver them, upbraiding him with privately seducing, and stirring up his Subjects against him; tho' *Hercules* offered to prove his Innocency in Combate against Thirty of the stoutest Men in the City; but none would answer him.

Hercules finding himself so ill treated for the Good he had done, with Eyes full of Wrath and Indignation, he darted Fury on the King, and well was it for him that there was a Wall between them; when at length he spoke to this Purpose:

‘Dost thou, *Laomedon*, false and unworthy King! hold from me my Reward, purchased at the hazard of my Life, and requite me with Evil for the Good I have done thee and thy People? Therefore, by my Father *Jupiter* I swear, as I have delivered this City, so I will destroy it with so fearful a Destruction, as those shall be counted happy that fell by the Plague, or Sea Monster.

And so turning his Back with Disdain upon those ingrateful Walls, he went on board with his Friends, and by the way being set upon by

Ægeon,

Aeson, a notable Pirate, with seven Ships, he thought to make a Prize, but found himself mistaken; for *Hercules* and *Theseus*, as soon as he had grappled, leaping aboard him, made such Slaughter, that the Sea was red with the Blood of the Slain; so that finding himself overmatched, he would have fled; but *Hercules* with a Stroke of his Club, as he was leaping into a Boat, beat his Brains out; whereupon the rest seeing their Captain fall, in whose Prowess they chiefly relied, threw down their Arms, and begg'd Mercy, so that their Lives were granted them, and *Hercules* carried the Ships, with a great deal of rich Plunder to *Thebes*.

Many Kings and Princes, who were assembled at *Thebes*, impatiently waited his Return, and did him extraordinary Honours, purchasing their Sheep at their weight in Gold; which occasion'd the Story of the Golden Fleece, ever bestowing Praises and high Encomiums upon these his first glorious Enterprises; and especially the Princess *Megara*, who was there with the King her Father, which above all pleased *Hercules*, whose Soul was center'd in her, and if he desired to do any thing Great and Noble, it was for her Sake; and many Love Compliments passed between them, by the Approbation of King *Creon*, who concluded, he could not bestow his Daughter on a nobler Person,

And

And the Marriage had, no doubt, been at that Time consummated, had not *Hercules* declared the Affront he had received at *Troy*, and the Oath he had made, with all the Circumstances attending that Matter, as has been related: At which the Kings and Princes present were so troubled, that they could do no less than detest King *Laomedon's* Ingratitude, declaring to assist him in taking Revenge to the utmost of their Power; so that a Royal Army was hastened into the Field, drawn from their respective Territories: during which Space, great Feasts were held in *Thebes*, at which *Amphytrion*, who now was reconciled to *Hercules* for the Fame and Reputation he had gained, as also his Wife *Alcme* were present.

The Army being ready, the Kings and Princes embark'd with their Forces, and sailed to *Tenedon*, a fair Port in *Phrygia*, in the Confines of *Troy*, and took the City *Larissa* by Force, which they sacked and burnt; which alarming the *Trojans*, they armed themselves, though with no great Stomachs, as knowing the Power and Might of *Hercules*; yet encouraged by their King, they marched into the Field after him, to prevent, if possible, the threatened Ruin; and having assembled about 30000 of his Men, being overjoyed to see such a Number, he told them the Danger they were in, and encouraged them in the best wise, and by his Speech having

reviv'd

revived their Spirits, they resolved to go to Battel; so that all Things being set in Order, and the bloody Blast being sounded, they joined with great Fury, saying, They would live and die with their King; and indeed they fought with great Courage, till the invincible *Hercules*, with his irresistible Club, broke their Ranks, and beat down all before him, dealing Death around him in a terrible manner; which made the *Trojans*, as if Fate had opposed them, murmur at their King's unfair Dealings with *Hercules*, saying, He ought to deliver the Horses he promised; but he refusing, the Battle went on with much Effusion of Blood.

Laomedon in this Conflict fought desperately, often rallying his Men in their Confusion; but *Hercules*, *Theseus*, and *Amythyrion* did Wonders, so that the advanced Party of the *Trojans* being in a manner routed, *Priamus*, Son to *Laomedon*, came up with 20000 Recruits, so that the *Greeks* in their Pursuit were put to a Stand, young *Priamus* doing Wonders in the Action, overthrowing *Theseus* and many others of Note; but breaking through the Battle on the other side, and finding *Hercules* destroying his Men in a terrible manner, they encountred very furiously, as if they two intended to end the Combate; but *Hercules* soon beat him from his Horse with a mighty Stroke, insomuch that he lay stunned, and was taken Prisoner, not knowing what had befallen him: And in
fine,

fine, the *Trojan* Army was beaten, and *Laomedon* fled to the City, and the *Greeks* enter'd pell-mell with the *Trojans*, so that a great Slaughter ensued.

Hercules being the foremost of the *Greeks* kept the Gate 'till the Soldiers enter'd, slaying all before them; so that King *Laomedon* taking with him his Daughters *Exione* and *Antigenia*, fled by a back Way, carrying with him his Jewels and richest Treasure, leaving the rest to the *Greeks*, who consumed the City to Ashes, levelled the Walls, and bore great Spoils at their returning from this Triumph to Greece.

C H A P. V.

How Hercules killed the Lions of Nemea; and sacrificed the Tyrant Busiris in Ægypt; with other glorious Achievements.

JUNO still bearing an inveterate Hatred to *Hercules*, and finding her former Attempts unsuccessful to destroy him, resolved upon a more dangerous, though in the Sequel they redounded to his Glory. For insinuating an Acquaintance with him under a feigned Guise of Good Will, she perswaded him to undertake the Combate against three monstrous and no less furious Lions, who had lately taken Possession of the Forest of *Nemea*, and devoured all that passed that Way, insomuch,

the Country thereabout lay waste, and all the Rusticks and Travellers that went that way were slain.

This, though at his great Peril, he promised to undertake, and after having seen the fair Princess *Megara*, whose Charms and Perswasions had not Power to alter his Resolution, neither did her Tears, nor the Command *Eumenides* had over him, hinder his intended Enterprize, his Plea of Promise and Archivement of Glory being stronger.

He went armed and furnished for that dreadful Encounter, accompanied with *Philotes*, his sworn Companion in all Adventures; and coming into the Forest, found a Shepherd named *Melarchus* on a Tree, where he had clambred for his Safety, and lived many Days on the Fruits and Leaves, who warned him of his Destruction, if he approached any farther, telling him, the Lions had devoured his Flocks and all his Family, and that that was his only refuge.

But they had but little Time to parley, e'er the Lions, greedy of Prey, burst from their dens with horrible Roarings, and with great fiery Eyes glared on him; but he, not dismayed, set his Club to the Tree, and drew his Sword, whilst *Philotes*, terrified with the sight, got up the Tree where the Herdsman sat, to observe the Combat; the greatest, almost as big as an Elephant, came first at *Hercules*, with open Mouth and Paws, thinking

ing to devour him, but he with a mighty Stroke of his Sword, fell'd him to the Earth; however, he recovered, and fetching a deadly Leap, met the Point of his Sword in his Throat, and the Push being followed, reached his Heart, so that with a terrible Roar, which made the Forest shake, he fell dead to the Earth.

The other two perceiving this, came on furiously, and e'er he could recover his Sword wounded him in divers Places, so that the Blood flowed in abundance; when finding his Sword would not pierce their Skins, though he laid on mighty Strokes, and that one of them pulled it out of his Hand by main Strength; after he had broke the other's Leg, he betook him to his Club of Iron, which soon ended the Combat; for giving a mighty Stroke, he fell'd his most eager Assailant, and leaping upon him, strangled him with his Hands, and soon dispatched the other man, a Lyon. Then he called *Philotes* and the Hero, by whose help he slay'd them, and the impenetrable Skin of the biggest for a Coat of Armour ever after.

Malicious *Juno* finding this added to his Glory, resolving further Mischief, when he returned in Triumph with the Lyons Skin in a flattering manner, prevailed with him to undertake the Destroying of *Busiris* King of *Egypt*, a cruel Tyrant who murdered his Subjects, and shed Blood like Water, delighting

nothing more ; insomuch, that a great Drought fell upon the Land, and occasioned a grievous Famine, so that the Priests inquiring at the Oracle the Occasion, they had for Answer, That they should not shed the Blood of the *Egyptians*, but the Blood of Strangers ; of which the Tyrant having Notice, though a Stranger himself, which was the Meaning that his Blood should be shed as an Atonement, he destroyed many worthy Persons, and amongst them, some Noblemen of *Creet* of *Phurto's* Lineage. *Hercules* having made himself Armour of the Lion's Skin, passed into *Egypt* with a slender Company, and coming to *Memphis* with *Philotes*, desired Admittance ; but he scarce was entred, e'er the Tyrant had Notice of it, and with his bloody Guard came forth to seize them for Sacrifice.

But *Hercules* with his Club fell'd him to the earth, and slew many about him, insomuch, that the City was in an Uproar ; but having made Heaps of Slain about him, and assuring those that resisted not, of Pardon, the Citizens were overjoyed, and desired him to sacrifice the Tyrant, as he had done many thousands of Innocent Persons, and intended to do him, had he overpower'd him.

Hereupon *Hercules* taking him up, carried him, crying out, and roaring to to his Assistants for Help, to the Temple, and there sacrificed him ; upon which the Drought ceased, and the Land immediately grew fruitful ; so that the People worshipped *Hercules* as a God, and

declared him their King : But he desirous to return to his own Country, constituted a Lieutenant, and was upon his Arrival welcomed by all except *Junio*, who wished his Miscarriage, and grieved at his happy Success.

CHAP. VI.

How Hercules was married to the Princess Megara ; and how he fought with, and killed a great Number of Giants, that ravished Queen Hippodamia.

UPON his Return, the Beauty of the Princess *Megara* came into his Thoughts, and walking pensively in the Garden, he found an Opportunity to break his Mind to her, and she not seeming coy, but as deeply in Love as himself was, got *Euristeus* and *Amphytrion* to speak to King *Creon* her Father, who with Joy accorded to the Marriage. When, to render *Hercules* more glorious, the Nobles of *Thebes* having heard of his Fame, came to present him with the Crown of that City and Territories, so that he prayed King *Creon* for to Knight him, which was accordingly done, and in the Tilts and Tournaments on that Occasion, he bore away the Prize and Victory, none being able to stand against him, except *Jason*, whom for his Valour he ever after loved, and chose his Companion.

Great was the Feasting on this Occasion, and at the End of it, *Pirotheus*, one of the Princes then present, desired the Company to be at his Wedding at *Treßalonica* with a fair Princess named *Hippodamia*, to which they consented. Soon after which, the Marriage between *Hercules* and *Megara* was consummated to both their Contents and Joy.

The appointed Time of *Pirotheus* his Wedding being come, *Hercules*, *Philotes*, *Thesent*, *Jason*, and other Nobles of Greece, went thither, where they found a great Assembly of Noblemen and Ladies, and amongst others, a Crew of Centaurs, a Giant-like People, under their Captain *Euricus*, who by the Plenty of Wine they had, being got in their Cups, fell together by the Ears, so that divers were slain; this grew to so great an Insolency, that *Hercules* and others perswaded them to Peace. At *Euricus* rising from the Board, armed about fifty of his Men, with Arms secretly brought for that Purpose, and whilst the Company was in Confusion, rushing in, took away the Bride Force; but it was no sooner known by the cries of her Women, but *Hercules*, *Jasen*, *Thesent*, and *Pirotheus*, put on their Armour to pursue them.

Hercules, who was swiftest of Foot, ran almost with marvellous Speed, and when the Centaurs saw him, they stayed, resolving to catch him; but he came no sooner within reach of them, bending his Bow, but he killed *Pholus*, a terrible Giant, and divers others.

not spending an Arrow in vain, as being the most exact Marks-man in the World ; but his Arrows failing him, they all came upon him to revenge their Friends, so that he was hard beset by many a furious Stroke ; yet he dealt such mighty Blows with his Iron Club, that at every Stroke he laid one or other dead, 'till in the end his Friends coming up, the rest despairing of Success, fled, except Lynceus who begged his Life, and was made Prisoner and by this Means the fair trembling Lady was rescued, to the great Joy of her Husband and the Feast was renewed for many Days every one praising Hercules, as the Miracle of Valour and Goodness.

CHAP. VII.

How Proserpina, Wife of Orpheus, was ravished by Pluto, and carried to Hell ; from whence she was rescued by Hercules, who brought away Cerberus, the Porter of Hell.

THE Fame of Hercules now spreading itself thro' the World, a strange Adventure happened to add yet more to his Reputation ; for so it fell out, a little before the Wedding of Pirotheus, that Pluto, Son of Saturn, and King of the Molosse, a cruel People called King of Hell, from the dark Situation of his City, built between dreadful Rocks and Mountains, or rather for his Wickedness

Cruelty, and of those that were his Companions. who lived by Robbery and Spoil, seeking after his wonted manner for Booty, sailed with his Company so long, so that he arrived on the Coast of *Sicily*, where coming on Shore, he found great Mirth and Sports, with Mulick and Dancing, after the manner of the *Sicilians*.

He viewed the Country, and found it exceeding fair; but coming to the Temple, he there cast his Eyes on a beautiful Lady who sat by *Queen Ceres* her Mother, *Queen* of the Country, making a Garland for *Orpheus*, a noble and wise Prince, who had married her, upon which Account those Rejoycings were made.

The Beauty of this Lady so inflamed the Heart of the lustful *Pluto*, that he could not refrain telling it to his Companions, and that he resolved to possess her: Wherefore going aside, he ordered them to put on Armour, and over them such Cloaths for Concealment, as were usually worn at Weddings: And so they passed for Strangers that came to see the sport, 'till *Pluto*, observing his Opportunity, seized the fair Princess, and throwing her on his Back, she piteously crying out for Help, bore her away.

Orpheus and those present seeing this unexpected Outrage, ran to her Rescue; but *erberus*, a monstrous Giant, and the rest of *Pluto's* Companions, drawing their Swords, scattered them with great Slaughter and

Effusion of Blood, being surprized and unarmed; so that they bare away the lovely Prize, and putting her on Ship-board, set Sail for Hell; but the Princess, all bathed in Tears, could no ways be comforted, though the Monster strove what in him lay to pacify her.

Orpheus was outrageous with Grief and Sorrow, and could not be comforted, until he was informed, who it was, and where his City stood, who carried away the Princess; when he resolved for to go thither, for to see if possibly he could recover her; but despairing to do it by Strength, he went alone, taking only his Harp, in playing on which he was esteemed by all, the most skilful Artist in the World.

After many Difficulties, having found the City out, he descended the Stairs, cut in a Rock so narrow, that but one Person at once could pass, and there found the terrible Giant *Cerberus*, who was the Porter, fast asleep; but seeing his mighty Size and monstrous Shape, he thought it no boot to contend with him, and thereupon resolving for to charm him, he began to harp so melodiously, that the Giant awaking, became ravished at the Sound, and at his Request conveyed him safely to the Place.

Pluto being informed of his Skill, offered him any thing he would demand, if he would harp so as to quiet *Proserpina*, and make her leave off her weeping: This he undertook

and by Signs made to her she left off, and became chearful; which made *Pluto* rejoice, urging him to ask what he pleased, and swore he should have it; then with a mournful voice, he told him, He was *Orpheus*, Husband to *Proserpina*, and for her sake had undertaken this Voyage at the Hazard of his life, and humbly begged he might have her as his Reward.

Pluto stood mute at this, telling him, He demanded the Thing that he loved above all Things; but seeing he had sworn it, he should have her, upon Condition they went together and neither of them looked back until they were out of the City Gates. This overjoyed them, but their Joy lasted not long; for *Orpheus*, thinking no body near them, looked over his Shoulder, and there *Cerberus* being at their Heels, took away *Proserpina*, and he was dismissed, to his very great Grief, with Threats of Death.

To procure some hardy Knight for the rescue of her Daughter, Queen *Ceres* came to Greece, and ingaged *Toeseus* and *Pirothus* to undertake it, which when *Hercules* heard, was marvellous sorry, as knowing the great danger, and would have gone with them, but they would not admit it; so that when the wedding was ended, they prepared their Arms, and took Shipping; and *Hercules*, doubting the Loss of two such noble Friends, followed them privately.

They no sooner began to descend the Stairs of Hell, but *Cerberus* roused, and came at them with a mighty Sword, threatening them in a cruel manner, when he knew what their Purpose was; and indeed with a fierce Stroke he slew *Pirtheus*, and had done the like by *Theseus*, had not *Hercules* luckily come in, who with his Club laid so furiously at the Monster, that after a cruel Fight, he made him reel against a Rock, and fall to the Ground; then he leaped upon him, and bound him with the Chains he had prepared for others.

Leaving him then under the Guard of *Theseus*, he entered Hell, and went directly to *Pluto's* Palace, where he found him with *Proserpina*, and having upbraided him with Cruelty and Treachery, he smote him on the Head with his Club, and laid him for dead on the Ground. Then he beat down divers others, so that the Uproar was great, and *Proserpina* trembled to see so much Bloodshed; but he comforted her, when he told her the Design of his coming, and clearing the Way, bearing down all before him, he brought her out of that accursed Place, and delivered her to her Husband and Mother, to their unspeakable Joy.

As for *Cerberus*, he presented him to *Hippodamia*, who in Revenge of her Husband's Death, caused him to be tormented, and cruelly slain. And thus Fortune favoured *Hercules* in all his daring Enterprizes:

C H A P. VIII.

How in Hercules's Absence, the City of Thebes was taken, King Creon slain with many of his Friends; and how upon his Return, he entered it, and killed the Tyrant that had possessed it, and put away his Wife Megara.

Hercules, when he went to Hell, had sent Lynceus the Centaur, Prisoner to Thebes, by Philotes; but as they were sailing, Andromedus, an Arch-Pyrate, set upon them with seven Ships, and when he understood that Lynceus, who was his Kinsman, was there Prisoner, he threatned all with Death; and though Philotes fought manfully, yet he was at last overpower'd, and at the Request of Lynceus had his Life saved.

Now because Hercules had destroyed the Centaurs, who were his Kinsmen, Andromedus resolv'd in his Absence to revenge it upon his Kindred in Thebes, and with 8000 Men worsted the Thebeans in a set Battle, killed King Creon, and wounded Amphytrion; so that following the fleeing Thebeans, they enter'd the City, filling all Places with Blood and Destruction; and having subdued it, Andromedus made Lynceus Governor, and departed.

Lynceus no sooner cast his lustful Eyes upon Megara, Hercules's Wife, but he sought by all ways to win her to his Will, telling her, Hercules was dead in Hell; but she repulsed him with Anger and Disdain, marking him

with her Nails, tearing his Beard and Hair, and giving herself up to Cries and Tears, wished the Return of *Hercules*, who was not long wanting; for having dispatched his Business in Hand, he no sooner approached *Thebes*, but that he understood what had happened there which put him into a cruel Rage of vowing Revenge; and so impatient was he, that he could not stay to raise an Army, but putting a Gown over his Armour to conceal it, he entered the Gates; and attempting to enter the Palace, was stopped by the Soldiers; and then throwing off his Gown, he lifted up a mighty Sword, cutting into Pieces all that opposed him.

Lynceus hearing the Uproar, thought it was a Quarrel among his Soldiers, and came down unarmed to part them; but *Hercules* having reviled him, gave him such a Blow as made a deep Wound, and laid him into a Swoon; then he sprang out into the Streets, and upon Notice that *Hercules* was come to rescue the City, the *Thebeans* armed, so that *Lynceus's* Men were all put to the Sword.

Megara having heard of what passed, came with open Arms for to receive her victorious Lord; which when *Lynceus*, now revived, saw, he cried out, *Meddle not with her, Hercules, she is my Concubine; I have had carnal Knowledge of her.*

At this false Accusation, the Princess through Scrow and Anger, fell into a Swoon, and before she could recover, *Hercules* giving her

much Credit to the Traytor's Words, made a rash Vow never to meddle with her more; at which she so pined, that for Sorrow she soon after died.

Lyncæus escaped not; for *Hercules* immediately cut off his Head, and caused his Body to be cast into the Streets to be used despitefully. Then he released *Amphytrion*, who had been made a Prisoner with divers others.

CHAP. IX.

How Hercules being refused Viſuals at the Port of Troy in his Voyage with Jason for the Golden Fleece, deſtroyed the City a ſecond time; ſlaying King Laomedon. How he conquered King Atlas, and grew renowned in Arts and Literature.

Hercules hearing that *Jason* deſigned to go to *Cholcos*, to fetch the Golden Fleece, reſolved to accompany him; and in their way, wanting freſh Proviſions, they put in at the Port of *Troy*, demanding for to have them for their Money; but King *Laomedon*, who had again rebuilt or repaired the City, ſent to forbid their Landing, and abſolutely denied them any Proviſions, ſaying, He was an Enemy to the *Greeks*.

This ſo enraged *Hercules*, That he bid the Meſſenger tell him, He was *Hercules*, and as he had once done, he would again deſtroy the

the City, and not leave any one Stone upon another.

And so they departed, and proved successful in their Voyage; for *Jason*, by the Help of *Medea's* Charms, overcame the fiery Bulls that defended the Fleece; and returning into Greece with these Spoils, *Hercules* highly commended *Jason's* Valour, and contracted a strict Friendship with him.

Then the Kings and Nobles of Greece being assembled, *Hercules* related the second Affront put upon him by *Laomedon*; whereupon they promised to aid him in ruining *Troy*, and with a great Army soon reached the Port, which so terrified King *Laomedon*, that at first he thought to have fled privately; but seeing about 30,000 of his Men armed in the Market-place, he took Courage, and issued out of the City; so that the Battle was very fierce, and continued doubtful for some Time, 'till *Hercules* with his Club beating down whole Squadrons, at last came to the Royal Standard, where *Laomedon* fought; and having killed and dispersed his Guards, he gave him so great a Stroke on the Head, that he fell dead to the Earth.

Then the Cry of Flight ran thro' the Trojan Camp, and all was in Confusion; but the Greeks pursuing hard at their Heels, entered the City with them, and put the greater Part to the Sword, taking the Plunder, and burning and levelling the City: And *Hercules*, as a Reward to King *Telamon's* Valour, who first entered the City, gave him the beautiful Princess

Princess *Exione*, Daughter to King *Laomedon*, and so with great Riches they returned into Greece.

Hercules thus abounding in Valour, had a great Desire to excel as much in Learning; and being informed by *Philotes*, That one King *Atlas*, who had a City on an exceeding high Mountain of that Name, studied Astronomy, and had the best Library in the World, he resolved to be possessed of it; and coming to the Foot of the Hill, he enquired of a Man that descended, Whether the King was there? He answered, Yes.

Then he ascended the Mountain, and coming into the Hall, found *Atlas* exercising his Men; he having engaged to assist King *Antheon*, against whom *Hercules* had War, as the Sequel will make appear; *Hercules* addressing himself to the King said, I am *Hercules*, who conquered *Philotes*, and the Sheep of your Daughters, and am now come fully resolved to conquer you and your Sciences.

This made *Atlas* chafe, and cry, To Arms: Then was *Hercules* assailed on all sides, yet he so laid about him with his mighty Club, that he made the Pavement slippery with Blood. *Atlas* was as Valiant as Wise, and fought manfully a great while; but at last, *Hercules* gave him so great a Stroke on the Head, that he brought him to the Ground; and then he cried out for Mercy, and offered to surrender all he had.

Hercules,

Hercules, who had no Intention to kill him, granted him his Life, and carried him away Prisoner, with his Books; and of him he learned to be the wisest Astronomer in Greece.

C H A P. X.

How Hercules engaged to assist Affer against King Antheon; and fell in Love with Affer's Daughter: How he conquered Antheon, and made Affer King of Lybia.

NOW *Hercules*, *Theseus*, and *Philotes*, sailing by the Coast of *Ægypt*, found in the Port of *Alexandria*, a great Army, and when *Affer* the General thereof, knew it was *Hercules* that was arrived, he went and cast himself at his Feet, and intreated his Aid against *Antheon*, the mighty King of *Lybia*, setting forth the many Injuries he had received from him, and the Justice of his Cause. With which *Hercules* and his Companions being satisfied, they resolved to go with him, and never to lay down their Arms, until they had not only subdued, but destroyed the Tyrant.

Upon these Assurances, *Affer* being overjoyed spared no Expence to shew his Gratitude to his Noble Guests, and while every Thing was getting ready, made very triumphant Entertainments for them; and at a great Feast, *Hercules* observing the Beauty of *Affer's* Daughter *Eche*, fell in Love with her, and having obtained her with

with the Consent of her Father, the Marriage was solemnized with great Pomp; after which, they sailed for the Coast of *Lybia*, landing at a Place, where afterwards the famous City of *Carthage* stood.

When *Antheon*, who was a mighty Giant, heard of this, he raised a great Power, and came against *Hercules*. The Battle began with a Cloud of Arrows, whereby many on both Sides were slain; but none were seen in Fears of Arms like *Hercules* and *Antheon*, who laid about them with great Fury, killing and bearing down all that stood before them; insomuch that there arose a mighty Cry, and it was not very long before that these Champions met, whence so fierce an Encounter ensued, that the Earth trembled, and the Blood flowed from the Wounds of both, and with a full Stroke the Shield of *Hercules* was broken in pieces.

The mighty Strength of the Giant made *Hercules* more wary, so that watching his Opportunity, he beat him very grievously, insomuch that he retired amongst the Ranks of his Men, and in the Evening caused a Retreat to be sounded, leaving the Field covered with the Heaps of the dead Bodies; *Theseus*, *Philotes*, and others, doing like Wonders.

The next Day *Antheon* having recruited his Forces, came on with double Fury; but was again discomfited by the Prowess of *Hercules*, *Philotes*, *Theseus*, and *Affer*; and flying with his scattered Forces into a Neighbouring City, was

was followed so close, that *Hercules* entered with them, putting abundance to the Sword in the very Gate : So that *Antheon* seeing Fortune against him, fled privately, and was by a few *Moors* brought into *Mauritania*.

Hercules then made *Affer* King of *Lybia*, from whose Name that part of the World called *Africa*, is denominated ; and regulating the Kingdom, he instituted therein the Laws of the *Greeks*.

In the mean while, *Antheon* gathering his scattered Forces, came to a third Battle, in which he was finally overthrown, and slain by the victorious Hand of *Hercules*.

CHAP. XI.

How Hercules and Theseus fought against two Amazonian Ladies ; the Event of that Combat. How Hercules fell in Love with Dejanira : Overthrew Achelous ; and kills Nessus, who would have ravished her, &c.

ABout this Time a warlike sort of Women, called *Amazons*, made great Conquests, bringing many People under them ; these sent a Challenge, That for the saving Effusions of Blood, two Ladies should fight against two Knights, and those that overcame, should yield to the other. This made *Hercules* smile ; but to pleasure them in their Request, he sent them Word, It should be done.

The

The chief of these was *Sinope* their Queen, and she had two Sisters renowned as well for Beauty as Valour, who were marked out for the Combate; and *Hercules* chose *Theseus* for his Companion: So that meeting at the place design'd, they cop'd together with their Spears so very couragiously, that the Graves shiver'd in the Air, and they remained unshaken: Then they drew their Swords, when *Hercules* not using half his Force, made *Menalippa* to yield; but *Theseus* was hard put to it by *Hippolita*; 'till being ashamed to be conquered by a Woman, he exerted himself, and at last overcame her. However, out of Generosity, the *Amazons* were left free, with a Promise, That for the future, they would not tyrannize over Men, and that *Hippolita* should be given in Marriage to *Theseus*.

Now *Hercules* resolved to go to *Chalcedon*, to visit King *Oeneus*, where he fell in Love with his Daughter, the fair Princess *Dejanira*, whose Beauty had attracted many, and amongst others *Achelous*, who being a very powerful King, had often desired her in Marriage, with great Threats upon Refusal; but she loved him not: Wherefore *Hercules* perswaded the King not to give her against her Will, but rather abide the Battle.

To this, upon *Hercules's* Promise to stand by him, the King consented, and in a mortal Battle *Achelous* was overthrown, and his Army mostly slain by the Prowess of *Hercules*, and he soon after pursued him into his own Country,

rry, and there slew him, and then espoused the Princess.

Long had they not been married, when *Hercules* desirous to go into his own Country with his fair Princess, took solemn Leave of his Father in Law, and the Nobles of *Chalcedon*; and coming into *Thessaly*, he was there to pass over the River *Hebenus*, where *Nessus* a Centaur plyed with a little Boy to carry over Passengers, there being no Bridge; but as the Boat was so small that all their Weights would have sunk it, *Hercules* desired him first to carry over *Dejanira*, and then return for him.

But the treacherous *Nessus* by the way contemplating her Beauty, got unto the farther Shore, and took her on his Back and fled: *Hercules* seeing this, drew his Bow, and shot him, so that the Arrow went through him: At what Time, finding the Wound mortal, he pulled out a deadly Poyson, and dipping a Piece of his Garment in his Blood, gave it to *Dejanira*, with a flattering Compliment, advising her, That if *Hercules*, whom he knew to be very inconstant in his Love, proved so at any Time, she should boil it with one of his Shirts, and in wearing it, it would take him off from any new Love. This she believed, and afterwards used it to the Destruction of the mighty Conqueror. *Hercules* swam over and found *Nessus* dead, and so went on with his Wife until he came to *Thebes*, where they were received very honourably.

C H A P. XII.

How Hercules killed the mighty Hydra of the Fens of Lerna, and overcame Gerion in Spain, and likewise Cacus, a mighty Tyrant, who vomited Fire and Flame, &c.

Hercules, impatient of Rest, no sooner heard that a mighty Monster infested the Fens of Lerna, and destroyed all that passed that way, but he resolved to go and destroy it. Upon his Arrival, all the Country rejoiced, and the King of Lerna received him with much Gladness; and Hercules went armed with his Lion's Skin, his Sword and Club.

The Monster no sooner saw him, but she came forth horribly hissing, with seven Serpents Heads, all spitting Fire, and vomiting smoke in a terrible manner; yet Hercules drawing his Sword, struck off divers of her Heads, the room of each whereof there immediately sprang up seven more, and with her prodigious Tail she gave him such Lashes as he was scarce able to stand on his Feet; but at last, leaving his Sword, and taking his Club, with many mighty Blows he laid her dead; and then sent the King and People, who crowned him with Garlands of Triumph, as the Deliverer of his Country.

Hercules taking some Rest, no sooner heard that there was a cruel Tyrant reigning in Spain, who destroyed his Subjects, and shed their bloods like Water, but he resolved to go thither,

Dejanira

Dejanira was sorrowful, but however he went *Theseus*, *Hispán*, *Atlas* and *Philotes*, accompanying him, with many others of Note and a great Army; and having overthrown the Tyrant's Fleet with an incredible Slaughter, landing, he routed his Army, though not without great Bloodshed on both Sides; for the Tyrant whose Name was *Gerion*, had two Brothers mighty Giants, and himself superior to both: the two Brothers were slain in the first Battle whereupon *Gerion* fled: But coming to another Battle, and doing much Mischief by reason of his mighty Strength, *Hercules* assailed him, and with a Stroke of his Club beat out his Brains; whereupon his Men fled by Desert and Mountains, and *Hercules* having taken the Spoils, founded the City of *Corogne* upon the Tomb of *Gerion*.

After this Conquest, and the settling of the Country, to the great Joy of the Inhabitants he had Notice, That King *Cacus* a great Tyrant, reigned in *Carthagina*, and with great Cruelty had slain the Kings of *Arragon* and *Navarre*; so that being desirous to rid the World of such a Monster, he recruited his Army, and went thither.

Cacus no sooner heard of his Approach, but he gathered his People in a mighty Number and gave him Battle; but by the Prowess of *Hercules*, he was overthrown with exceeding Slaughter, and fled with a slender Train to a high Rock or Mountain, whither *Hercules* followed him; but perceiving the Passage so steep

that but one at once could ascend it, he besieged it to starve him out; but *Cacus*, who was a Magician, escaped his Hands by swallowing a kind of a Spirit, that by breathing made him seem all of a Flame, and so he descended like a fiery Tempest, and passed the Host of *Hercules*; but *Atlas* soon discovered the Fiction, yet was he gone too far before he could be pursued, and thus at this Time he escaped.

Cacus thus fled, became an Outlaw and Robber, living in a mighty Cave, and doing many Murders; but *Hercules* finding him out, the Giant began to vomit Fire and Smoke as before; but *Hercules* leaped down without Fear, and after a long Combat, overcame and slew him, to the great Joy of the Country.

CH A P. XIII.

How he overcame Eleven Giants in Battle, and rescued the Inhabitants of Cremona. How he overcame King Pricus, Father in Law of Cacus, took his City, and fell in Love with his beautiful Daughter Yoel.

Hercules resolving to rid the World of Tyrants, no sooner heard that Eleven Giants, Sons of *Nesleo*, styling themselves Kings of *Cremona*, exercised great Cruelty over the People, but he resolved to go thither to subdue them, and set the City at Liberty.

The

The Giants no sooner had Notice of his Intention, but they sent one of their Numbers, named *Nestor*, to forbid him upon Pain of Death entering their Territories, and defying him to the Combat one after another; but he with an undaunted Resolution, sent them word, *that he would fight them all together, to have the sooner done.*

The Giants enraged thereat, came out to meet him. The Battle was fierce and terrible, but *Hercules* stood like a Bulwark, and at every blow brought one or other to the Earth; so that in a short time they were all slain, except *Nestor*, who fled when he saw the Discomfiture of his Brethren. The Citizens seeing themselves freed from the Tyranny of the Giants came out to meet *Hercules* with great Joy, and earnestly besought him to take the Government of their City upon him, which he nominally did, being crowned King, and substituting Deputies to govern in his Absence.

While these Things happened, *Priscus* King of *Calidonia* came into *Italy*, with a great Army, to invade the New Dominions of *Hercules* in Revenge for the Death of King *Cacus*, who was his Son in Law, and sent him a Challenge which *Hercules* accepted with Joy; and soon after both Armies meeting, a dreadful Battle ensued, wherein *Hercules* performed Wonders breaking thro' their Ranks, and like a Tempest bearing down Horse and Men; so that they were soon put to Flight, thinking him no mortal.

immortal, and retreated to the City of Calidon, and there shut themselves in. *Hercules* pursued them with Horse and Foot, so expeditiously, that he soon came before the City, but the Walls being high and strong, were not to be easily stormed or forced, insomuch that he resolved to try a Stratagem.

He put over his Armour a Coat, and as a Messenger was let into the City, desiring to speak with the King: The Porters, by his Coat flying open, seeing his Armour, seized him as a Spy, and without Resistance he suffered himself to be carried before the King; who no sooner cast his Eyes upon him, but he knew him, and cried to his People to fall upon him. *Hercules* had neither Sword nor Club; but seeing an huge Iron Bar on which a Tabernacle stood, he pulled it out by main Force, and so laid about him, that the Pavement was covered with Blood, and the King, who had retired to put on his Armour, coming in, laid at him. but *Hercules* with a mighty Blow beat him down dead: Then was the Cry great in all Parts; for the *Cremonians* at the same time, as it has been ordered, made a violent Assault upon the Walls, and were ready to enter: then *Hercules* issued out, and dyeing his Bar with fresh Blood, made to the Gate of the City, and breaking the Bars and Locks in sunder, let in his Men: Whereupon the Citizens threw down their Arms, and begged Mercy.

Hercules

Hercules being now at Leisure, went to the Palace, where he found *Yoel* the King's Daughter, attended by many of her Ladies, weeping bitterly for the Calamity that had befallen her ; she was so beautiful in her Tears, that at first Sight *Hercules* became enamoured, and began to comfort her ; but she detested him as the Murderer of her Father ; so that seeing no good to be done, he set a Guard on her Chamber-door, and left her to digest the many sweet Words he had given her ; and when her Sorrow began to abate, she at the Perswasion of a Lady that was her Governess, became more pliable, and in the End yielded to be his Wife.

C H A P. XIV.

How Hercules returned into Greece, with the King of Calidon's Daughter ; and overcame and slew Diomedes the Tyrant of Thrace.

WITH his fair Prize *Hercules* returned into Greece, and coming to Thrace, he had Notice, by a Native, That one *Diomedes*, a cruel Tyrant and Thief, reigned there, and had under him 10000 Thieves, who put such he took to great Ransoms, and if they paid him not, cut them to pieces, and gave their Flesh to his Horses : The Man warn'd *Hercules* not to come near the Coast ; but he, overjoyed to hear of this Adventure, would go in Search

him, nor could the Tears of *Yoel* dissuade him from it.

And being arrived, understanding that *Diomedes* was gone on Hunting, he went to seek him, taking his Club and his Bow, and *Philoctetes* with him. The Shouts and Cries of the Thieves soon directed him to the Place; and the Tyrant no sooner saw him, but he menaced him cruelly with Death and Tortures for entering his Dominions without his Leave; but *Hercules* with an undaunted Courage, said, I came to punish him for his Tyrannies and Sickedness.

Diomedes had then with him an Hundred of Thieves, who seeing their Master, after some Blows, smitten down by *Hercules*, came upon him with great Cries; but he so well defended himself, that he laid Sixty of them dead; and *Diomedes* coming to the Fight again, he beat him so, that despairing of Success, he fled; but *Hercules* being swift of Foot, caught him, and having bound him Hand and Foot, after some Reproaches, he used him as he had used the others, casting him to the Thieves Horses, which devoured him alive. After which, the Citizens met *Hercules* in Triumph, and made great Rejoycings for their Deliverance from the Cruelties of *Diomedes*; and surrendering the Kingdom of *Thrace* to the Conqueror, he caused all the rest of the Thieves to be put to Death, and new modelled the Government of the Kingdom, to the Satisfaction of the People.

Hercules now returning into *Lycia*, and the being no more Monsters, or such like Adversities, gave himself up to the Love of his new Bride, and dismissed all his Companions, except *Philotes*.

C H A P. XV.

How Dejanira growing jealous of Hercules, fed him unawares a poison'd Shirt. How he burnt himself, and she killed her self.

NOW when *Dejanira* heard *Hercules* was in *Lycia*, and she not sent for, she began greatly to marvel, and prepared to go to him; but she no sooner knew that his Affections were taken up with a new Beauty, whom every one praised as the fairest in the World, but Jealousie tormenting her Heart, she tore her Hair, and beat her Breast 'till she fell in Swoon; and coming to her self, she sent forth dismal Cries, Lamentations and Complaints, and would not be comforted.

Then she thought of the accursed Gift *Nessus*, and imagining all he said was true, borrowed the poisoned Garment with one of his Shields, and sent it him by *Lycas* his Squire, desiring him to put it on, and wear it for her sake, ignorantly fancying this would draw him to her again, tho' the Woman that had worn it, died of the mortal Poison.

Lycas found his Lord in the Temple about
 to sacrifice, and humbly made his Present:
Hercules said, For her Sake he would immediately
eat it on; and so he did, but it was no sooner
 warm, e'er the Venom seized him with such
 Horror, that believing the Shirt to be the Cause,
 he would have pulled it off, but could not,
 without tearing off the Skin and Flesh with it.
 Soon after, his Sinews shrunk, and his Blood
 boiled; so that finding the Approach of Death,
 in a Fury took Lycas by the Heels, and
 dashed out his Brains against a Rock. Then he
 tore up Trees by the Roots, forced down Pil-
 lars and brazen Gates in his Fit of Fury; but
 that being over, and the Poison had conquer'd
 him whom no mortal Force could resist, he
 threw his Arms, and all that he had conquered,
 to the *Philoetes*; and then, least it should be said,
Woman had overcome him, he laid his bloody
 body down in the Fire he had prepared for
 sacrifice, and there expired.

Dejanira no sooner heard that the Great *Her-*
cles was dead by her Means, but she made
 great Lamentations, and resolving to follow
 him, with a Dagger pierced her own Heart.

Hercules, after his Death, was by the *Greeks*
 worshipp'd as a God, and had Temples dedi-
 cated to his Honour; and a Star to this Day
 called by his Name.

The END of the First Book.



While the enraged *Greeks* invade proud *Troy*.
The Glorious *HECTOR* does their Pow'rs destroy
'Till *Ajax* comes, who with a torn-up Tree
A while withstands the Victor's Bravery

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THE NEW
HISTORY
OF THE
Destruction of *TROY*.

In Four BOOKS.

BOOK II.

CHAP I.

Of the first Foundation of the City of Troy:

TROY, a famous City, situated in *Asia* the *Less*, was first founded by *Dardanus*, who made himself King of it, and of all the Country for three Hundred Miles round it, and from thence called it the *Daedan* Kingdom. After he had flourished Twenty Years, having much enlarged his Borders, he dy'd, and left his Dominions to his Son *Ilus*, from whom it is by *Homer* and other Poets often called *Ilium*. He was succeeded by his Son *Troas*, who, after he had overcome the *Phrygians*, his Neighbours, in a mighty Battle,

Butle, and annexed their Country to it, called it *Troy*, in Honour of his own Name, and commanded his Subjects to call themselves *Trojans*.

This King reigned successfully many Years and dying, left his Kingdom and great Riches to his Son *Laomedon*, who enlarged the Walls of *Troy*, built strong Towers, and had many fair Children; so that he was a Stranger to Adversity, till having, as has been related in the foregoing Part, unjustly provoked the mighty *Hercules* of *Greece*, by denying him his Reward for destroying the Sea-Monster that would have devoured his Daughter *Erixe*, and by refusing him Provisions afterwards, on his Voyage to *Colchos*, with *Jason*, in Search of the Golden-Fleece; he twice destroyed the famous City to the Ground: And the second Time slew King *Laomedon*, and dispersed all his Subjects, *Priamus*, the King's Son, only escaping, being sent by his Father to the Courts of some neighbouring Princes, to procure Assistance to the *Trojans* against the *Grecian* Conqueror; who having seized all the Treasure, and left not one Stone upon another, set sail for *Greece*, having given the King's Daughter *Erixe*, whom he had before delivered from the Sea Monster, to *Telamon Ajax*, as a Reward for his Valour, he being the first who entered *Troy*. All which being mentioned at large in the former Part, we shall not repeat here, only premising thus much by Way of Introduction to the Life of the Renowned *Hector* of *Troy*.

which is the worthy Subject of the following Chapters.

C H A P. II.

How King Priamus rebuilt Troy with greater Magnificence than ever, married Queen Hecuba, and had a numerous Issue. And consulted to annoy the Greeks, and recover his Sister Exione.

THE Trojans upon the Departure of the Greeks, came drooping, like mournful Bees about their burnt Hive, and being somewhat encouraged by Priamus, now their King, they resolved to rebuild their City more strong and large than before, which with the Assistance of their Neighbours, they brought to pass, with much Toil, Labour, and great Expence, so that springing like a Phoenix from its Ashes, it appeared more beautiful and gay than ever, being adorned with many stately Palaces of the King, and of his beauteous Queen *Hecuba*, whom he had espoused for Wife, and of the Princes and Nobles, which lifted up their gilded Turrets in the Air in an aspiring Manner; and Peace continuing for a long Time, Riches increased in abundance, and he was blessed with many Children, viz. *Hector*, a noble valiant Prince, *Paris* surnamed *Alexander*, *Deiphobus*, *Helenus*, and *Troilus*, his five Sons; his Daughters were *Carusa*, Wife of *Enas*, *Pandana*, and *Cassandra*; these he had by his

Queen *Hecuba*; but a far greater Number by his Concubines: This Prosperity puffed him up with Pride, and put him upon what fatally proved his Destruction; which was, To be revenged on the *Greeks* for the Injury they had done, and to redeem his Sister *Exione* from the Hands of *Ajax*.

To contrive this, many Councils were held wherein the wisest of his Sons and Nobles dissuaded him from it: However, it was agreed, That *Antenor*, a grave Counsellor, should be sent to *Ajax*, to demand the Princess; but *Ajax*, who much delighted in her great Beauty, was so far from hearkning to it, that he commanded him immediately to depart his Country on Pain of Death.

Antenor returning, related his successless Negotiation, which greatly displeased King *Priamus*, who again assembled his Nobles; in which Councils the valiant *Hector* greatly dissuaded him from it, saying, No doubt his Aunt having lived so long with *Ajax*, was well contented with him, and being advanced in Years, would not willingly part from him. He reminded him of the Miseries and Desolations *Troy* had twice suffered, by exasperating the *Greeks*; concluding That there being, in his Opinion, no just Ground for a War, he thought Peace was much to be preferred.

In this Opinion, he was seconded by the graver Sort of the Assembly; but the more hot-spirited were of the King's Mind, That the Injuries ought to be revenged, and the

Stains of Dishonour on the Trojan Name, to be wiped off, either by declaring War, or sending a Fleet of Ships to make Reprizals on the Grecian Coasts.

C H A P. III.

The Contention of three Goddesses for a Golden Apple, and Paris's Judgment thereupon. How Paris was sent with a Navy, and stole away fair Hellen, Wife of King Menelaus, whom he brought to Troy, and afterwards married: Cassandra prophesies the Destruction of Troy, and in vain prswades to send Hellen back.

WHilst these Debates held, and the greater Part inclined to what the King had proposed, Paris, one of his Sons, arose, and made Speech, which decided the Controversy: This Paris in his Childhood, had been turned out to a desperate Fortune, because his Mother when she was big with him, dreamed she was delivered of a Firebrand, which set Troy on Fire, and the Oracle had foretold thereupon, That she should bring forth a Son that should cause the Destruction of the City; and had been since received, because of his Parts and Beauty, into his Father's Court But whilst he kept Sheep on Mount Ida, he had a Dream, which he thus related.

That a Contention having arisen between Three Goddesses, viz. Juno, Pallas, and Venus, because of a Golden Apple thrown among them, and inscribed, Be it given to the Fairest, each whereof claiming it as her Due, Mercury conducted them to him to decide the Controversie; whereupon he desiring to see them naked, that he might be the better able to judge, they accordingly stript, and presented themselves to his View; and each being solicitous to be thought the Fairest, and to bear away the Prize, they offer'd each to bribe his Judgment with Gifts according to their several Powers. Juno promised him Kingdoms, Riches, and Honour, if he decided it in her Favour. Pallas promised to give him Victory in all Battles, and to make him the most renowned Conqueror in the World. Venus only promised to give into his Arms the most beautiful Lady on Earth. Whereupon having long viewed their admirable Perfections, he adjudged the Prize to Venus, which made Juno and Pallas go away frowning, and vow Revenge for the Injury they believed he had done them. Hereupon Paris desired his Father to send him with an armed Force to the Coasts of Greece, to seize upon some noble Lady in Reprizal for Exione his Aunt; being well assured the Goddess Venus would crown his Enterprizes with Success.

This Advice was consented to by a great Majority, and Preparations were made for this Expedition, contrary to the Opinions of Hector, Helenus, and most of the grave Counsellors of the Kingdom, who foresaw it would pull a dangerous War upon them, which would be the Ruin of Troy.

All Things being disposed for this fatal Enterprize, *Paris* went on Board, being accompany'd by *Deiphobus*, *Athenor*, *Aeneas*, and *Pilidamus*, and after some Sailing, arrived on the Coast of *Greece*, in a Country where *Mene-laus*, Brother of *Agamemnon*, was King, and landed on the Isle of *Cithæa*, where a Temple was dedicated to *Venus*, and a Feast at that Time held in honour of the Goddess.

Here *Paris* soon cast his Eyes on fair *Helen*, Daughter to *Leda* and *Jupiter*, the most exact Beauty in the World, but of an amorous wanton Temper, having before her Marriage to *Mene-laus*, been ravished for her incomparable Features, by *Theseus*, at the Age of 13; and her Husband was now absent in the Council of Estates of *Greek* Princes.

The *Trojan* Prince, who was a very comely Person, and a great Courtier, by Gestures and Glances soon insinuated into her Favour, and procured himself to be invited to a splendid Banquet with his Retinue, where she fell passionately in love with him, and forbore not to reveal it to him; but he fearing she would not freely consent to go along with him, gave the Watch Word to his Company, who seized on her Ladies, and divers other Attendants, while *Paris* himself seized the beautiful Queen, and carry'd them, with all the Wealth they found in the Palace, on Ship-board, and so set Sail for *Troy*, where arriving, they were highly welcomed by King *Priamus* and the Ladies of the Court.

Soon

Soon after this, to render the Ruin of *Troy* unavoidable, *Paris* was fatally marry'd to *Helen*, in a very splendid Manner; which *Cassandra*, his Sister, who was counted a Prophteis, no sooner heard, but she ran up and down the Palace with dishevel'd Hair, foretelling the Miseries that afterwards beset the City and Kingdom, intreating them to send home *Helen* again, and by that Means appease the enraged *Greeks*; but every one being deaf to her Prayers, she continued crying, and filling the Court with Lamentations for several Days; 'till at length the King, not being able to dissuade her from it, caused her to be confined in Prison, where she remain'd a long Time, and on the Wall wrote what would befall the *Trojans* from Time to Time, with the Ruin and utter Subversion of the City of *Troy*, which she pictured in Flames.

It is recorded of this Princess, That *Apollo* falling in Love with her, promised her what she would demand for her Virginity: Whereupon she required the Spirit of Prophecy, which when he had conferred upon her, she refused to gratify his Request: And he, not being able to recall his Gift, added, That tho' she told Things never so true, yet no Body should believe her.

CHAP. IV.

The Greeks declare War against the Trojans, and with a prodigious Fleet burn Tenedos, and send Ambassadors to Troy, to demand fair Helen. They return without Success, and both sides prepare for a bloody War.

NO sooner came the amazing News of Helen's Rape, to the Ear of Menelaus her Husband, who was at Epirus, but his Grief and Anger exceeded the Bounds of Moderation, and would have transported him to lay violent Hands on himself, had not Nestor, an aged Duke, of great Wisdom, gravely counselled him to be patient, telling him, *Prudent Men ought to bear Afflictions, and not by immoderate Grief give their Enemies greater Cause to rejoice over them.* He added, *That the Affront was not only done to him, but to all the Princes of Greece, his Confederates, who would assist him to revenge his Cause, which could not be done otherwise than by the Sword.*

Whereupon Menelaus assembled Agamemnon, Odysseus, Ajax, Patroclus, Proteus, Achilles, and many other Princes of Greece, to whom he declared the Wrong done him by the Trojans; whereupon all, with one Consent, promised to aid him with all their Forces, and never put up their Swords, till they had laid the City of Troy in Ashes, and made the Trojans mourn their Anger in Tears of Blood.

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This comforted *Menelaus*, and accordingly having unanimously chosen *Agamemnon* their Captain-General, every one repaired to his Countrey, to raise Forces; and in a short Time a powerful Army of 150,000 Men were raised, and having all rendezvoused in the Port of *Byzantium*, they were conveyed from thence on Board 1000 Sail of Ships, to the *Trojan* Coast; where being arrived, they first of all plunder'd and burnt the Town of *Tenedos*, which had been but lately re-built; where *Achilles*, the Son of *Thetis*, Goddess of the Sea, seiz'd, as a beautiful Prize, *Briseis*, Daughter of *Brises*, Priest of *Troy*, who being taken from him by *Agamemnon*, caused great Difference between them, to the delaying of the War, as will appear hereafter.

Then the *Greeks* landed in the Port of *Aulis*, where their Ships harboured, and strongly incamped themselves without any great Molestation from the *Trojans*, and thought fit next Morning, to send *Ulysses* and *Diomedes* to King *Priamus*, to tell him the Occasion of their coming, and to demand the speedy delivery of *Hellen* to *Menelaus*; but there happening Jars and threatening Words on both sides, the Negotiation came to nothing; so that both sides prepared for the Extremity of War, and Bloodshed.

King *Priamus*, upon the first Notice of this formidable Invasion, had engaged abundantly of the Neighbouring Princes in his Quarrel, who fearing their own Safety, if they stood

out, sent him a Number of Forces, and store of Provisions, so that the City was full of armed Men.

C H A P. V.

The Armies meet; a bloody Battle ensues, wherein Hector performs Wonders, and bears down all before him. A terrible Encounter between him and Ajax. The Trojans obtain the Victory, which is followed by a Truce.

AND now began the bloody Scene; for the Greeks having provided Supplies of Victuals from Mysia, and settled their Affairs, drew out their Armies to give an Assault upon the City of Troy; but were saved the Labour; for the Trojans met them with great Fury. Hector coming out at the Gates in glorious Arms, seemed in his strong Hands to carry Thunder-bolts, laying all dead before him, and slaying King Proteuselaus (who was the first Greek that died, his Death being thereupon before prophesied) he sorely wounded Palamedes, who had done Wonders in the Beginning of the Fight: Then he encountred Patroclus, who smote him so strongly on the Shield with his spear, that it pierced it through; which enraged so much the Renowned Hector, that he gave him such a Stroke on the Head with his sword, that he cleft it in two Pieces; and he could have carried off the dead Body, for the sake

sake of his curious silver Armour, had not King *Menelaus*, with 3000 Knights, come up on *Hector*, and striding over the dead Body, reproached the Trojan Prince of Avarice. But his Life had paid for it, had not *Griacian* King *Theseus*, and *Archilogus* come timely to his Assistance, with 3000 more.

Then *Hector* laid on, and beat all down before him, breaking his Way through the Host of the Greeks, till he met with *Telamon Ajax* who had destroyed a Number of the Trojans. Between these two Champions began a very fierce Combat, insomuch that their Armour shivered in pieces, like Glass, and many deep Wounds were made on both sides, at which *Hector* was so much enraged, and to see his Enemy stand so firm against him, that he laid on such mighty Blows, that his Sword unfortunately broke asunder; and the like at the next Stroke did that of *Ajax*: Whereupon the Noble *Hector*, groaning within himself for Anger, in great Rage, tore up with his mighty Arms, an huge Piece of a Rock.

Ajax seeing him bend against him such a mighty and unusual Weapon, tore up an huge wild Ash by the Roots, whereupon *Hector* threw his Rocky Weapon with great Violence, but the other leaping back, it fell short: The *Ajax* advancing, darted his Tree at his part of which falling on *Hector's* Shoulder made him stoop with one Knee to the Ground. Upon this, the two Armies rushed in between

them like a flowing Tyde, and parted them much against their Wills.

During this Battle, *Achilles*, the valiantest of all the *Grecians*, lay in his Ship, disgusted because *Agamemnon* had taken from him the fair *Briseis*; and though several Nobles were sent to intreat him to come to the War with his *Mirmidon* Soldiers, he refused it, glorying, That for want of his Help the *Greeks* were spoiled by the *Trojans*.

In this Battle many famous Warriors were slain on both sides, *Troilus* was taken Prisoner, but rescued by King *Alcanus*, with Slaughter of a great Number of the *Greeks*, after which, he overthrew *Menesteus*, and had slain him, and not a Legion of his Soldiers, upon his crying out, hastily rushed in between him and Death.

It would be too tedious to recount the Bravery of every particular Hero that signalized himself in this bloody Action. However, the *Trojans* boasted of Victory, and Night coming on, left the Field, and retired to the City, many Thousands on both sides being left slain in the Field; so that after this mortal Battle, and some others of less Note, the *Greeks* sued for a Truce for two Months, in which Time hostilities ceasing, the Slain were buried; the *Trojans* went into the *Greeks* Camp, and the *Greeks* into the City of *Troy* at Pleasure, without any Molestation.

C H A P. VI.

Achilles is prevailed upon to fight against the Trojans. He engages with Hector, and is twice overthrown. The Greeks despair of Success while Hector lives: Achilles undertakes his Death; but is disappointed with a great Stay: Whereupon a second time the Grecians demand a Truce, which is granted.

THE Truce expiring, the Alarms of War began afresh; and in the mean Time Nestor and Ulysses prevailed upon Achilles to leave his Ships, some of which had before been fired by the Trojans, and come to the Field with his Mirmidons; so that the Battle being set in Array on both sides, the Trumpets sounded the bloody Blasts, and both Hosts met with great Fury.

Hector and Achilles advanced in the Front of either Army, and ran at each other with great Fury, with their Spears, giving such a Shock as made the Earth to tremble, with which Achilles was thrown from his Horse: When upon the noble Hector, scorning to kill a dismounted Man, passed on, making Lines through the Enemies Troops, and paving his Way with dead Bodies; so that in a fearful manner he fled before him.

By this Time, Achilles being remounted his Mirmidons, a second time encounter'd Victorious Hector, who, notwithstanding

most Efforts, again bore him to the Earth, and went on making as dreadful an Havock as before.

Diomedes and *Troilus* had likewise a fierce Combat, and fell both to the Ground; but were remounted; after which abundance of brave Knights lost their Lives. *Paris*, who was a very dextrous Archer, killed many *Greeks* with his Arrows; but being encountred by the valiant *Menelaus*, he was overthrown, and torn off by his Soldiers.

The Day went bloodily on all sides. *Hector* engaged with great Fury through the Battle, and slew *Brietas*, and afterwards *Archilocus*, who came to rescue him. *Achilles*, in the mean while, cut his Way through the *Trojan* Parallions. King *Prothenor*, taking his Advantage of *Hector*, while he was fighting with others, smote him from his Horse; but the renowned *Trojan* Prince speedily remounting, gave his Head asunder with one Blow; which *Achilles*, who was his Cousin, hearing, resolved for revenge, and with King *Archelon* run upon *Hector*; but the *Trojans* in great Multitudes coming between, parted them; so that after a miserable Slaughter, the Battle ended, the *Greeks* being put to the Rout, and forced to fly from their Trenches.

All the Night, the *Greeks* were in great Pain, wondering, that as long as the valiant *Hector* led the *Trojan* Army, their War would be fruitless, and therefore consulted to have a strong select Troop of Horse, on purpose to in-

viron him, and so to rush all at once upon him, and destroy him, after having separated him from his Soldiers.

This *Achilles* undertook; but at this Time he missed his Aim; for the Battle being joyned by *Deiphobus* and *Hector*, with the rest of the Sons of King *Priamus*, and the auxilliary King *Penthesilea* enter'd the Battle with great Fury, cutting their Way through the *Grecian* Army; and tho' *Achilles* environ'd *Hector* with his *Mimrones*, and run upon him with a mighty Speed, yet he broke through their chosen Bands, like a mighty Torrent, and returning with *Trojan* Troops, made a great Slaughter among his Enemies.

Here again *Paris* and *Menelaus* encountered, but were parted by the pressing Multitude of Soldiers.

King *Thaos*, who had deserted from the *Trojans* to the *Grecians*, was beaten from his Horse, taken Prisoner, and carried into *Troy*, where King *Priamus* would have caused him to be hanged; but *Hector* and *Troilus* interceded, and prevented the Execution, setting him at Liberty, upon his Oath, not to bear any more Arms against the *Trojans*.

In this Battle many worthy Princes and Knights were slain. And it is remarkable, that King *Epistrophus* brought in his Army a monstrous Creature, called a *Sagittary*, whose lower Parts were like a Horse, and his upper like a Man, who with a mighty Quiver, shot so strongly, that his Arrows pierced through

odies of two or three Greeks standing in a rank, which, and his monstrous Shape, much terrified the Grecians. - But *Diomedes* being full of Courage, approached him, and slew him with his Sword, after he had killed several of his Men with his Arrows.

In this Battle, the renowned *Hector* slew three Kings with his own Hands, and many hundreds of the private Soldiers; and such a great slaughter was made of the Grecians, that they sent *Ulysses* and *Diomedes* into Troy, to crave a Truce for three Months, which was consented to by the *Trojans*.

C H A P. VII.

Another bloody Battle is fought. The Grecians a third time demand a Truce. A dreadful Fight between the two Armies. *Hector* overthrows *Achilles* twice. The Greeks are routed. Another Battle is fought, wherein the *Trojans* are worsted, and *Troilus* is taken Prisoner by *Diomedes*, but makes his Escape.

NO sooner was this Truce expired, but the two Armies met again, and a bloody battle was fought; in which *Hector*, *Troilus*, *Phobus*, *Paris*, &c. on the Part of the *Trojans*, and *Achilles*, *Diomedes*, *Ajax*, *Agamemnon*, *Menelaus*, and others, on the Part of the Greeks, performed Wonders, beating down all before them. This Battle continued doubtful 'till Sun

Sun set, at what Time both sides sounded Retreat, and the Soldiers gladly retired, the *Greeks* to their Tents, and the *Trojans* to the City, where they refreshed themselves, in Expectation to ingage their Enemies again the next Morning.

But the *Greeks* sueing again for a Truce two Months, it was granted, though much against the Mind of *Hector*, who urged, That it was only done to gain Time to provide themselves with Provisions, of which there was very great Scarcity in their Camp; whilst the *Trojans* continued within their Walls, and consumed their own Stores, by which Means the Enemies prolonged the War, and had a doubtless Advantage over them.

The Truce was no sooner ended, but both Armies advanced into the Field, and *Achilles* led the first Battle of the *Greeks*, *Dionysus* the second, and other Nobles the rest. *Hector* likewise led his Army, giving his Brother *Paris* the Honour of leading the Van-guard; notwithstanding which, he advanced singly before the Host.

As soon as *Achilles* beheld him, he defied him to the Combat; and running at each other with strong Spears, the Earth seemed to tremble under their Feet, and in the Encounter both fell to the Ground; but *Hector* first mounting, passed on, breaking like a mighty Tempest, into the thickest Troops of the *Greeks*, watering of his Way with Blood.

Achilles being likewise remounted, bore down before him, 'till *Hector* and he encountered again, and then he was once more overthrown, and *Hector* endeavour'd to take his Horse as a Prize of his Victory; but he was hindred by the Multitude of his Soldiers that came to rescue their Lord.

However, *Hector* slew King *Thescur*, who was greatly beloved by *Achilles*. *Diomedes* and *Patroclus* encounter'd, and both fell to the Earth. Abundance of Blood was shed in this desperate Action; and at last the *Greeks* fainting, fled to their Tents.

In the next Battle, the *Grecians* having re-join'd their Forces, routed the *Trojans*, and *Patroclus* was taken Prisoner by *Diomedes*, who gave him as a Present to *Briseida*, his Mistress, whom he took Captive in *Tenedos*, and who had a great Affection for *Troilus*; and not only received him with Joy, but soon contriv'd his Escape.

This Battle is said to have held 30 Days, without any other Intermision than the passing of Night, so that in it 50,000 on either side were slain.

C H A P. VIII.

The Greeks conspire the Death of Hector. His Wife Andromache dreams he is killed, and uses all manner of Intreaties to dissuade him from going to the Wars that Day; but not being able to prevail, applies herself to his Father and Mother, who commanded him to abstain from Battle.

THE Grecians despairing of Success, so long as the renowned *Hector* lived, resolved by any Means to destroy him, rather than return in vain from this bloody and expensive War; and having obtained another Truce to bury their dead, &c. they concluded, That when *Hector's* Courage carry'd him into the Army of the Greeks, they should open to the Right and Left, that being intangled among the thickest of the Troops, *Achilles* and his *Myrmidons* should all at once set upon him, and endeavour to slay him.

This being concluded, and the Truce expiring, *Achilles* provided a strong knotty Spear and high-proof Armour, and seemed assiduous of effecting the fatal Design, and by destroying his noble Enemy, ruin all the Hopes of the Trojans.

But the Night before the Expiration of the Truce, *Andromache*, the fair Wife of *Hector*, dream'd, That if he went to Battle the next Day, he should be slain: and that she saw

bloody and wounded, drag'd about the City
 the Horse-Tail of the proud Victor, whom
 described so exactly, that he was known
 be Achilles: And when she awaked, Hector
 and her by him all in Tears; and the Dis-
 course between them thereupon, the Poet thus
 describes,

Hector, with Kisses, wipes away her Tears,
 and asks the Cause of her so sudden Fears?
 she, trembling yet, the fatal Dream declares
 that had disturb'd her Sleep; nor could the Cares
 that rose from thence, be banish'd with the Story,
 mixing fresh Tears with loving Oratory,
 persuades her Hector, Not to brave the Fates;
 at the sad Day her dreadful Fear creates,
 she begs of him, He not to War would go,
 that that one Day upon her Love bestow.

Hector reply'd, Ah! my Andromacha,
 dearer to me than that Life's Breath I draw!
 wilt thou forbear thy Grief, it could not be
 within the Power of any Prodigy
 to make this Day a sad one. Should I here
 to learn that superstitious Fear
 fatal Days and Hours, what Day to me
 should e'er hereafter from such Fears be free?
 why should my wretched Life torment,
 not my destin'd Time of Death prevent;
 to live for ever with vain Fears diseas'd,
 in Dreams or Phantasms to declare them pleas'd,
 to decree my Fall, 'tis better far
 to die, than fear the Accidents of War.
 Ah, my Dear, then, let no sad surmise,
 causeless Grief, o'ercast your radiant Eyes.

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This Dream however, wrought such an impression in the tender Breast of the beautiful *Andromache*, that she yet ceased not to importune the undaunted Hero to tarry that Day with her, and not go to the Battle, urging, That should to *Trojans* be over for want of his Presence that Day, he might retrieve it afterwards with double Glory; beseeching him to consider, if his own Affairs and Generals could not do without him that Day, what would become of them, of his Royal Parents and Relations, finally, of her his miserable Wife, and his Children, the happy Pledges of their mutual Affections, if he, who was the Safeguard of all, should rashly run into the Battle, and be a Sacrifice to the barbarous Resentments of revengeful *Greeks*. Concluding, with convincing him, by all these Sacred Ties, and by the Love he vowed to her, and by all the Things that had passed between them, he would this once be guided by her Prudence and not go out to Battle.

The Noble Prince, with all the Testimonials of a faithful and ardent Affection and Tenderness, argued against her Fears, strove to prove them groundless, urging, if the Fates, whose Decrees no mortal Force could resist, had determined that *Troy* should be saved by his Hand, all the Force or Numbers of the *Grecians* would be in vain against him; but that, on the contrary, should it be otherwise, that he should fall, all the Caution he

would be to no purpose ; and that if he
 could escape his Destiny one Day, yet Fate
 was not to be totally evaded, but would over-
 take him, and fulfill her inexorable Decrees on
 another : That therefore he besought her to
 calm her Thoughts, and rather refer herself
 to the Gods, who alone were able to reverse
 the Determinations of Fate, and were to be
 moved only by the Patience and Prayers of
 pious Votaries as her fair self ; to which,
 he said, he recommended himself, resolving to
 meet his Foes, and leave the Event to the Di-
 vine Will.

But these Arguments were not able to pacify
 or suppress the Fears of *Andromache* ; who find-
 ing the Warlike Prince not to be overcome by
 force alone, resolved to try what Influence the
 ties of Duty, super-added to those of Affec-
 tion, would have upon his martial Spirit.
 He therefore hasten'd to the Royal Palace, and
 presenting the King and Queen with her
 Lament, and her Fears thereupon, she besought
 them, since all her Prayers and Tears had no
 effect, that they would be graciously pleased
 to use their Royal and Paternal Authority to
 prevent his going to head the Army for that

The King and Queen being moved with the
 passionate Earnestness of their fair Daughter-
 Law, and their just Apprehensions for his
 safety, whose Life they look'd upon as the
 preservation of them all, sent for the Noble
 Priests, and commanded him on his Duty and

Allegiance, nor to enter the Field that Day. These Commands being too positive to be disputed, *Hector*, with great Concern, and without some Reluctance, obeyed, and retired to his own Palace.

C H A P. IX.

The Trojans fight, and are worsted; Hector unable to bear the News, and be idle, arms himself, and notwithstanding the Intreaties of his Wife, issues out, restores the Battle, and overthrows the Grecians. But returning to Troy is treacherously slain by Achilles, &c.

HECTOR being thus prevented from leaving his Army, the Trojans marched out of the City, under the Command of *Troilus*, *Pandolphus*, *Polidamus*, and King *Sarpedon*, *Krius*, *Epistrophus*, and others; and were soon met by the Greeks, with all their mighty Princes at the Head of them, and a bloody Battle ensued wherein, after much Blood shed, the Trojans were worsted, and began apace to retire towards the City.

Hector observing this from the Battlements of his Palace, and being informed that *Pandamus* was taken Prisoner, and that his Brother *Margareton* was killed by *Achilles*, he was no longer able to abstain from the Battle; instantly buckling on his Armour, he mounted his noble Steed, and posted away to the A

not

withstanding the Tears and Intreaties of his Wife, who upon her Knees, with her young sons *Laomedon* and *Astynax* in her Arms, strove to stop the fearless Hero from going to the fatal Field.

No sooner had the mighty Warrior enter'd the Field of Battle, but the fleeing *Trojans* assumed fresh Courage, and being rallied by their renowned Prince, they followed him to the Charge, who, with undaunted Courage, breaking through the Enemies thickest Squadrons, soon restor'd the Battle, bearing down before him, rescuing *Polidamus*, and slaying *Laertes*, Admiral of Greece, who attacked him, also *Pilicenus*, to whom *Achilles* had promised his Sister.

This greatly enraged *Achilles*, who, as it was concerted, watching his Opportunity, when the irresistible Hero had cut his Way singly into the middle of his Enemies Troops, fell upon him with the utmost Fury, with a chosen body of *Mirmidons*, thinking instantly to have slain him.

But the magnanimous Prince, instead of being discouraged at these Disadvantages, with doubled Fury attacked his Enemies, and in spite of all their Efforts to destroy him, cut a Way through the thickest of them, with a great Slaughter, and wounded *Achilles* in the thigh with a Dart, so that he was forced to retire from the Battle, to have his Wound dress'd; after which, he privately returned to the Army, and seeing he could not destroy the

warlike Prince by open Force, he resolved take all Advantages, and so kept aloof watch an Opportunity to fall upon him unawares, and kill him.

Mean time, the victorious Prince made Lane where-ever he came, and all the Greeks fled before him; so that their whole Army began to flee, and were put into the utmost Disorder; and soon after, *Hector* having taken Prisoner *Adenestus* Duke of *Athens*, who bore on a curious silver Armour, he was conveying him out of the Battle, when thinking himself secure, and being over-heated with Action, threw his Shield behind him, and left his Person bare.

Achilles spying this Opportunity, ran with all his Might his Spear at the Breast of the Hero, which piercing his Armour, entered his undaunted Heart, and he fell down dead to the Earth. And this not satisfying the ungenerous Greek, he fasten'd the dead Body to the Tail of his Horse, and dragg'd him three times round the City of *Troy*, in Revenge for many Foils and Disgraces he had received from him; as the fair *Andromache*, his Wife, before had dreamed.

Thus fell the Renowned *Hector*; whose Death being known among the *Trojans*, they were so disheartened, that they left the Honour of the Field to their Enemies, and retir'd to the City, where they found every body in great Sorrow for his Death, and making great lamentations, concluding, That now their

Bulw

work was gone, the Nation would be soon
destroyed.

King *Priamus* was so exasperated at his Son's
death, and the base usage of his dead Body,
that assembling all his Forces, contrary to the
advice of every one, he arm'd himself, and
attack'd his Enemies; of whom, not forget-
ting his youthful Bravery, he made a great
slaughter, killing many of their Princes and
great Captains, and wounded *Achilles* in the
heel, and would have killed him, had not
the *Mirmidons* come in to his Rescue. Where-
upon the *Greeks* fled to their Tents, and the
Trojans returned in Triumph to the City.

After this, having ransom'd his Son's Body,
it was laid on a Bier, and with solemn Pomp
brought into the City; at the Sight whereof,
the People made grievous Lamentations;
and the King rending his venerable grey Hair,
and upon it, and bathed it with his Tears,
whilest the afflicted *Andromache*, and Queen
Hecuba and her Daughters, stood mourning
about it, tearing their Hair, and beating their
bare Breasts.

After the Body had lain in State some time,
it was deposited in a stately Sepulchre erected
without the City, whereon his Effigies was
erected to the Life, with a Sword in his Hand,
and looking towards the *Grecian* Camp, as if
he had threatned them after his Death.

The E N D of the Second Book.



Behold *Greek* Treachery, and Flames destroy,
After a Ten Years War, renowned *Troy*;
Whilst great *Aeneas*, hasting from the 'Sack,
Ascends Mount *Idæ*, his Father on his Back.

THE NEW
HISTORY
OF THE
Destruction of *TROY*.

In Four BOOKS.

BOOK III.

CHAP. I.

Achilles falls desperately in Love with Polixena, one of the Daughters of King Priamus; and sends a Messenger, with a Letter of Proposals to Queen Hecuba, who returns a favourable Answer.

HECTOR being thus treacherously slain by *Achilles*, the *Grecians* made great Rejoycings, not doubting but the Ruin of *Troy* was at Hand; however, the brave Resistance of the *Trojans*, and the valour of *Troilus*, who seemed now to be animated with the Courage of *Hector*, as if the deceased Hero had transfused into him his
D 5 victorious

victorious Spirit, cut them out Work beyond their Expectation, and prolonged the Siege To which also other Incidents contributed; as the subsequent Chapters will make appear; of which, the following Instance is not the least considerable.

The Tomb of *Hector* being held in great Reverence, the *Trojan* Matrons and Ladies often visited it, and make their Oblations there. When in Time, *Achilles* being cured of his Wound, and repenting him of his unworthy Usage towards the Body of so Noble a Prince, he went to make his Offering, that so he might appease his angry Ghost; which happen'd when the fair *Polixena*, one of the Daughters of King *Priamus*, was there, attended by several Ladies and Damsels; whose admirable Beauty shone with such a Lustre in his Eyes, that it dazzled his Sight, and soon captivated his Heart, so that from that Time he became desperate in Love with her, though she went hastily from the Tomb, almost as soon as ever he approach'd it.

But, upon Inquiry, getting Knowledge from some of her Attendants, who she was, the Power of Love got her absolute a Dominion over him, that he could not rest in his Thoughts for thinking of her, he fancying her lovely Idea always present, especially to the Eyes of his Mind; so that seriously consulting what he should do to gain her Favour, knowing himself an Enemy to *Troy*, and one who had slain her Brother, and many of her near Kinsmen

he concluded, it must be some great Obligation that could make Atonement for so many Injuries as he had done to the Royal House of Troy, and to the Subjects of that Crown. And after long considering and deliberating on this weighty Point, at last he resolved to send a trusty Messenger, with rich Presents to Queen *Hecuba*, and a Letter, importing in Substance, 'That if she would give her Consent, and procure that of the King, to marry their fair Daughter *Polixena* to him, he would cause the *Greeks* to raise the Siege, and depart out of the *Trojan* Territories; or at least, if that could not be effected, he would withdraw himself and his *Mirmidons* from their Aid, which would compel them to raise the Siege.' For *Achilles* much valued himself upon his Valour, as the only Man by whom Troy was to be subdued, though the Oracle had predicted, that he should certainly perish there.

The Queen received favourably these Proposals; and promised, in a few Days, to consult her Husband and Sons, and so civilly dismissed the Messenger, appointing a Day for him to return for an Answer.

C H A P. II.

Achilles's Proposals being accepted by King Priamus, he assembles the Princes of Greece, and makes a Speech, endeavouring to persuade them to raise the Siege, and return to Greece. They oppose his Advice, and resolve to continue the Siege. Whereupon in Disgust, he withdraws his Forces. A Battle is fought, and the Greeks are overthrown.

THE Day appointed by Queen Hecuba to return an Answer to the Proposals of Achilles, being come, the impatient Lover dispatched his faithful Messenger, with richer Presents than before, to the Queen, desiring to know the Result of her Resolution, and whether the King would consent to make him Happy in the Love of the fair and beautiful Polixena.

In the mean Time, the Queen, according to her Promise, communicated to King Priamus and her Sons, the Request and Proposal of Achilles, wherewith they seemed very well pleased. And Paris more especially, seeing that the Delivery of fair Hellen was neither insisted upon, nor so much as mentioned as an Article, gladly consented to it, and advised his Father to do the like, upon Condition That the Siege should be speedily raised, and that the Grecians should depart the Trojan Territories.

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The King approving this Advice, the Messenger was sent back with the News thereof to *Achilles*; who thereupon caused the Princes of *Greece* to assemble, to whom he made a Speech, setting forth, 'The Difficulties that yet remained to subdue the *Trojans*, the Walls being impregnable, and the City full of Men, and stored with Provisions for many Years: He urged, That the Blood which had been already shed, had foolishly been cast away, for the sake of a Light Woman, not to be ballanced with the Death of the least of the Princes that had suffered in her Cause: That it were therefore better to prevent any farther Effusion of Blood, and raise the Siege, and return home, before they were all consumed by so bloody a War, and *Greece* totally depopulated, whereby their Native Country would be reduced to a deplorable State, and possessed by Evil Persons and Strangers, who would tyrannize over their Wives and Children at their Pleasure.'

These and many other Arguments were used by *Achilles* to perswade the *Greek* Princes to quit the Siege; but he was opposed by all the Princes, who declared, That it would be dishonourable to the *Greeks*, having undertaken such a War, to return before they had subdued their Enemies, and levelled their proud City to the Ground, as the great *Hercules* twice before had done. Wherefore they resolved not to comply with his Desires.

Achilles

Achilles enraged at this Disappointment, in great Disgust quitted the Assembly, and soon after drew off his Forces, and retired, with his *Mirmidons*, to his Ships, that lay at Anchor at *Tenedos*.

The next Day, the *Trojans* marched out of the City, and a bloody Battle was fought, in which *Palamedes*, one of the chief Princes of Greece, slew *Euphanor*, one of the Bastard Sons of King *Priamus*, whereupon *Deiphobus* endeavouring to revenge his Death, was himself slain; upon which, *Paris*, watching his Opportunity, revenged them both, and slew *Palamedes* with a poisoned Arrow: After which a fresh Body of *Trojans* coming up, a great Slaughter was made of the *Grecians*, who thereupon fled to their Tents, and the *Trojans* returned victorious to the City.

C H A P. III.

Troilus by his Valour, wins many Battles, and much discourages the *Grecians*. *Achilles* at length, contrary to his Engagements to Queen *Hecuba*, is perswaded to attack the *Trojans* and perfidiously kills the Noble *Troilus*.

Achilles having thus withdrawn himself and his Forces from assisting the *Greeks*, the valiant *Troilus*, imitating the Bravery of the deceased *Hector*, in many bloody Battles overthrew and slew divers Kings, Princes, and Men

of great Renown, insomuch that the *Greeks* with great Slaughters, were frequently put to Flight, and pursued to their Tents and In-trenchments.

At length, being recruited with new Re-inforcements from *Greece*, and both Armies drawn up in Battalia, a bloody Battle was fought, with the utmost Resolution, and an incredible Slaughter on both Sides. *Agamemnon*, *Menelaus*, *Ajax*, *Diomedes* and *Ulysses*, on the *Grecian* Side, performed Wonders; but none was found a sufficient Match for the noble *Patroclus*, who being back'd by *Paris*, *Polidamus*, *Aeneas*, King *Memnon*, and other Princely Heroes, with his victorious Sword mow'd down whole Squadrons of his Enemies, so that every one fled before him; and in the end, he obtained an intire Victory, pursuing with a dreadful Slaughter, his fleeing Enemies to their very Ships; and setting Fire to many of them, abundance of Mariners and Soldiers perished in the Flames.

This made the *Greeks* in a manner despair, and having now no Hopes of succeeding, unless they could ingage *Achilles* with his *Mirmidons*, to assist them, they sent *Nestor*, and some other Princes most in Favour with him, to intreat him to bring his Forces into the Field. After many Denials, which his Love to the fair *Polyxena* occasioned, he was wrought upon, and bid them set the Batt'e in Array, and ingage their Enemies, and if they were an Overmatch for

for them, he would assuredly come to their Assistance.

Mean Time the *Trojans* pursuing their Victories, had, amongst others, set Fire to some Ships of *Achilles*, which roused the Warrior from his Sloth, and made him the readier to assist the *Greeks*.

Shortly after, according to his Appointment the *Greeks* again gave Battle to the *Trojans*, and were again worsted, the valiant *Troilus*, as before, beating down whole Ranks of Men, and none being able to stand before him. Whereupon *Achilles*, contrary to his Promise made to Queen *Hecuba*, enter'd the Battle, and with his *Mirmidons* surrounded the valiant Prince, who far from being discouraged, slew many of them, and had cut his Way through the rest, if *Achilles*, taking Advantage of the weary Prince, who had done Wonders that Day, had not run upon him with his Spear, which entering his Body, bore the Hero dead to the Earth.

Hereupon King *Memnon* bravely run upon *Achilles*, and sorely wounded him, which enraged the fierce *Greek*, that at another Encounter he slew him, and in Despight, dragged the Body of the Noble *Troilus* through the *Grecian* Host, at his Horse's Tail, by Way of Triumph.

The Death of this Prince made the *Trojans* faint, and after they had killed many Thousand of the *Greeks*, they retired into the City, where they found all Sorts of People, from the highest

to the lowest Degree, in Tears for the Death of the Noble *Troilus*, and cursing the Perfidiousness of the barbarous *Greek*, by whom he was so unhappily slain.

C H A P. IV.

Queen Hecuba and her Son Paris, in Revenge for the Deaths of Hector and Troilus, contrive to destroy Achilles. Paris kills him in the Temple of Apollo, whither he was invited under Pretence of marrying Polixena. The Greeks send for his Son Pyrrhus, to supply his Place, and head the Mirmidons.

THIS Outrage and Breach of Promise of *Achilles*, most nearly affected *Queen Hecuba*, who now with her Son *Paris* resolved by any Means to destroy him, and so revenge upon him at once the treacherous Deaths of the two bravest and valiantest Princes in the World.

But first of all, the Funeral of the Renowned *Troilus* was solemnized, with all imaginable pomp and Magnificence; whose Body had been restored by *Achilles*, who was sorry now for having killed so basely the Brother of his beloved Mistress, and committed those Indignities on his dead Body, which he knew must needs afresh irritate her and her Family against him.

After

After the Funeral Obsequies were celebrated, the Queen, dissembling her Resentment, procured a Truce for two Months; in which Time *Achilles* sent several Messages to the Queen, to excuse what he had done; who thereupon pretending a Reconcilement, invited him to the City, assuring him, That though she could not but be much concerned at his Breach of Faith, and the Death of her beloved Son, yet having conceived a high value for his Person and Merit, which nothing could obliterate from her Mind, she desired nothing so much as, laying aside all Animosities, he would come to *Troy*, and in the Temple of *Apollo*, espouse her beloved Daughter *Polixena* to which she had already disposed the King to consent.

Blinded by Love, and these specious Blanishments, *Achilles* joyfully received this News so agreeable to his Wishes, and prepared a pompous and splendid Equipage, suitable to the Grandeur of so great a Prince, and bestowing the Espousals so grand a Lady as the beautiful Daughter of the King and Queen of *Troy*.

Every Thing being in a Readiness, he invited his good Friend *Ulysses* to accompany him to his Wedding; but that wise Prince suspecting Treachery, not only refused to bear him Company, but endeavoured to dissuade him from going to *Troy*, urging his Danger from the Resentments of the King and Queen, and from the *Trojans* in general, who it was likely d

so soon forget and forgive the Death of the two chiefeft and most illustrious Princes of the Royal House of *Troy*, whom they had loved and esteemed as the principal Bulwarks of their City and Kingdom.

These prudent Arguments made no manner Impression upon the Mind of *Achilles*, who coming with him a near Kinsman of *Nestor*, went out, like a joyful Bridegroom, with a numerous Attendance for the City of *Troy*; his Mind being inflamed with Joy and ardent Desire, which the supposed near Approach of his long wished Happiness to enjoy his fair *Polixena*, occasioned.

Being arrived at the City of *Troy*, the joyful Greek, who little thought his Death was nearer than his Marriage, with equal Magnificence and Ceremony, was met and complimented with the Name of King *Priamus* and Queen *Hele*, by a Deputation of *Trojan* Noblemen appointed for that Purpose, who conducted him and his Retinue to the Temple of *Apollo*, declaring him, That the fair *Polixena*, who, they said, was then dressing in all her Bridal ornaments, would soon be there, accompany'd her Mother, and the whole Royal House of *Troy*.

The Greek Prince highly satisfy'd with the honours done him, with Impatience waited for the Arrival of his admitted *Polineux*, little suspecting the fatal Event his Expectations should be intirely reversed by. But long he did not wait before he was convinced by a
sad

sad Experience, that a Marriage was the least Thing intended, and that his Blood was resolved upon to be shed for a Sacrifice to appease the Ghosts of the Renowned *Hector* and *Troilus*, and satisfy the Resentments of an enraged Family and People.

For *Paris* in a short Time, as had been concerted, entred the Temple, with a chosen Band of *Trojans*, well armed, and fell upon *Achilles* and his Retinue, and slew before his Face *Nestor's* Kinsman. Then, too late, he began to think of the Advice of *Ulysses*; but resolving to sell his Life as dear as possible, he, like an enraged Lioness robb'd of her Whelps, fell upon his Enemies, and slew several of them; but being unarmed, and overpower'd by their Numbers, he was not able to make any longer resistance, and having received many deep Wounds, he at length fell down and was slain by *Paris*, who thus by Treachery revenged the Deaths of his two Noble Brothers, who had been unfairly slain by the bloody Hand of *Achilles*.

This News being known by the *Grecians*, they made great Lamentations for his Loss, vowing, severely to avenge his Death on the perfidious *Trojans*. *Agamemnon* then sent for the Hero's Body, and that of *Nestor's* Kinsman, and those of his Retinue who were killed with him, which being delivered to the Messengers, he caused them to be honourably buried before the Walls of *Troy*; a stately Tomb being built over the Body of *Achilles*, and all the *Grecians*

solemn

solemnly attending his Obsequies, and mourning his fatal Fall: While the *Trojans* made great Rejoycings for his Death, concluding, that now the Strength of *Greece* was fallen, and that they were justly revenged for the Deaths of *Heſtor* and *Troilus*, and the barbarous Indignities committed by him on their dead Bodies.

The *Greeks* shortly after, called a Council of War, wherein all the Princes of *Greece* were assembled; who unanimously resolved to send for *Pyrrhus*, Son of *Achilles*, who was almost as valiant as his Father, to head the *Mirandons*, and revenge his Death. This was accordingly done, and the Messengers arriving in *Greece*, *Pyrrhus* embarked with a considerable Body of Recruits, and shortly after, safely arrived in the *Grecian* Army.

In the mean Time, the valiant *Trojans* were not idle, but made great Advantages of the Death of *Achilles*, frequently sallying out of their City, and harrassing the *Grecian* Army; and under the Conduct of *Aeneas*, and other Worthies, at length came to a pitch'd Battle, wherein, after a great Slaughter on both Sides, the *Greeks* were put to the Rout, and pursued to their Tents. And in this Condition stood Affairs when *Pyrrhus*, with new Succours, arrived in the *Grecian* Camp.

C H A P. V.

Pyrrhus being arrived, is Knighted by King Agamemnon, and receives the Homage of the Mirmidons. He vows to avenge the Death of his Father. A bloody Battle is fought. The Trojans are worsted by the Valour of Pyrrhus, and pursu'd to the Walls of Troy.

PYRRHUS arriving thus happily for the Greeks, with new Supplies and Reinforcements, was received by them with great Rejoycings, and being conducted in State to the Tent of Agamemnon, where all the Grecian Princes were assembled, he congratulated him on his happy Arrival, in the Name of all the rest, and solemnly invested him with the Honour of Knighthood, the other Princes assisting to fix on his Spurs, and girding his Sword by his Side.

After this Formality was over, the valiant Mirmidons were all drawn up in Battalia, and paid Homage, and swore Allegiance to the new Prince: who afterwards made an Oration to them, and in the Presence of all the Princes of Greece, made a solemn Vow to revenge his Father's Death, and never to return to Greece till he had levelled Troy to the Ground, laid its lofty Palaces in Ashes, and destroyed the Inhabitants with Fire and Sword. And immediately he set about marshalling the Army, in order to prepare for a bloody Battle, and to give the Trojans a warm Reception.

Nor did he wait long for an Opportunity to
show his Valour: For the *Trojans*, in a few
Days prepared to prosecute their Advantages,
and led out their Army again under the Com-
mand of *Aeneas*, *Paris*, *Polidamus*, and other
valiant Princes.

Pyrrhus hereupon drew up the *Grecian* Forces,
and marched against them with great Fury;
a bloody Battle soon begun, in which *Aeneas*
and *Polidamus* wrought Wonders; but none
were able to withstand the Valour of *Pyrrhus*;
who, spur'd on by Revenge and Glory, beat
down all before him, killing several *Trojan*
Princes and great Captains with his own
Hands.

However, Victory remained doubtful a long
while, the *Trojans*, encouraged by their former
Successes, scorning to give way to their *En-*
emies; and the *Greeks*, animated by the Pre-
sence of *Pyrrhus*, and their new Reinforcements,
resolving to gain the Victory, or leave their
dead Bodies, with the Honour of the Field, to
the Victors.

After a long Contention, the Controversy
was decided wholly in Favour of the *Grecians*;
for *Pyrrhus* observing where their main Stress of
the Battle lay, drew off his *Mirmidons*, and
marched thither, attacking his Enemies so su-
periorly, that they were not able to make Head
against him, and following his Blow, he broke
entirely their Forces, so that they were not
able to rally again; whereupon, founding a
Retreat, they fled in the utmost Disorder to
the

the City, the *Grecians* pursuing them to the very Walls, and making a prodigious Slaughter of them.

This total Discomfiture, and several less Actions, in all which the *Greeks* obtained the Advantage, together with the Loss of almost all their noble *Captains*, much discouraged the *Trojans*; and they would have been quite dispirited, but for the Confidence they placed in the *Palladium*, an Image of the Goddess *Pallas*, which was reputed to be dropt from Heaven, with an Inscription affixed thereon signifying, *That as long as that remained in the City, Troy would never be taken by any Force* which therefore they kept in the Temple of *Minerva*, with the utmost Care and Devotion appointing Priests on Purpose for the Conservation thereof.

C H A P. VI.

Penthesilea, the Renowned Queen of the Amazons, unexpectedly comes to the Assistance of the Trojans, with a thousand valiant Ladies. She performs many Glorious Actions, making the Greeks fly before her; but is at last cruelly slain by the enraged Pyrrhus.

THE *Trojans* being reduced thus to their last Refuge, the *Palladium*, with great Regret began to reflect seriously upon the wretched Miseries they found themselves reduced to, from

the most flourishing Kingdom in the World, and all for the Sake of a lewd Woman, that hardly deserved the Expence and Hazard of a single Voyage; at what Time, *Penthesilia*, the warlike Queen of the *Amazons*, having heard of *Hector's* never dying Fame, and being fired with the Love of him, and his Glorious Achievements, came to the Assistance of the *Trojans*, bringing with her a Thousand valiant Virgins, who were train'd up in the Exercise of Arms from Twelve Years old; and the better to use their Spears, had had in their Infancy their Right Breasts scar'd; bearing Bows, Spears, Swords, and Cressent Shields, and fighting on Horseback or Foot with great Dexterity.

This Queen being well skill'd in warlike Affairs, much encouraged the *Trojans*, who had lost almost all their valiant Leaders, and expected not such a seasonable Succour; and King *Priamus* to shew his Gratitude, in great State, attended by all his Court, met and received the Noble Heroine, and welcomed her to *Troy*; while the Streets were lined with part of the Garrison, and the Windows filled with crowds of Spectators, who expressed great Joy, on that Occasion.

The renowned *Virago* heard with the utmost Grief of the Death of the Noble *Hector*, and vowed to revenge it; of whose Reception and valiant Deportment to the King, the Poet gives the following brief Account,

*The Queen met him with Amazonian Force,
 And bravely in the Gates leapt from her Horse
 Then all the Squadrons imitate the Maid,
 And quit their Steeds. Brave Priam, then she said
 If any Confidence of the Valiant be
 To charge the Foe, I dare; and promise thee
 Alone the Grecian Horsemen to defy:
 Grant that I first may charge the Enemy.*

And indeed, she and her Virgins performed many Glorious Exploits, slaying a great Number of Grecians, and re-establishing the Trojan Affairs, which began again to look with a promising Aspect.

This extremely enraged *Pyrrhus*, who being ashamed thus to be foiled by a Woman, resolved to destroy her; and shortly after a bloody Battle was fought, wherein the valiant Queen performed Wonders, cutting her Way through the thickest of the Enemies, and killing all that opposed her, and overthrowing divers Noble Princes of the Greeks, so that the whole Army, in great Confusion, began to retire before her.

Pyrrhus hereupon, assembling his *Mirmidons*, attacked the brave Virago, who notwithstanding bore him to the Ground, giving him a great Wound, and had certainly killed him, but his *Mirmidons*, who rescued him, and with great Rage fell upon the victorious Queen. The valiant Heroine a long Time bravely defended herself, though she was surrounded

them, slaying many of the *Mirmidons*; but at last, with many Strokes, they broke the Buckle of her Helmet, which falling off, *Pyrrhus* took the Advantage to encounter again, and tho' she valiantly resisted, and gave him several Wounds, yet in the end he slew her, and his Rage and Revenge still continuing, he cut her Body into two pieces, which was afterwards recovered, and honourably buried by Order of King *Priamus*.

Her Ladies after that, to revenge the Death of their worthy Queen, smote among the *Mirmidons*, and slew many of them; so that being seconded by *Polidamus*, the *Greeks* were put the Rout, after a prodigious Slaughter on both Sides.

However, the *Trojans* Loss in this and other Battles, was so great, and no Succours coming in, while the *Grecians* constantly received Supplies, that a general Council was held, wherein it was resolved to make Peace with the *Greeks*, if honourable Terms might be had: and accordingly Ambassadors were nominated to be sent to the Enemies Army to make Proposals of an Accommodation to them;

C H A P. VII.

Antenor seeing no Likelihood of saving Troy out of the Hands of the Greeks, conspires to deliver the Palladium into the Hands of the Greeks, in order to make his own Peace with the Enemies. He effects his trayterous Design by bribing the Priests who kept it. Several Ominous Presages of the Destruction of Troy.

WHILE these Things passed, *Antenor*, who at the Beginning of the War was sent Ambassador into *Greece*, to demand the Restoration of *Exione*, and was now one of *King Priamus's* principal Counsellors, fearing that the City would suddenly fall into the Hands of the *Greeks*, though from the Strength of its Walls, a numerous Garrison, and Plenty of all manner of Necessaries, it was capable a long while to hold out a close Siege, resolving notwithstanding, to make a Merit to himself with the Enemies of his Native Country, by betraying into their Hands the last Hopes and Refuge of the *Trojans*, their *Palladium*; which Piece of Treachery, he reckon'd not only to save himself and Family from the general Destruction, but also to preserve the prodigious Wealth he had got together, and augment it likewise by the Rewards he would insist upon from the *Greeks*, for such a Piece of Service.

According

Accordingly, he secretly dispatched a trusty Messenger to *Ulysses* and *Diomedes*, with his Proposals; who gladly received them, and consented to all his Demands. Whereupon the Traytor bribed the Priests who had the Keeping of the *Palladium*, with a great Sum of Money sent him for that Purpose by the *Grecians*, and so it was delivered to *Ulysses* and *Diomedes*, who with great Solemnity and Devotion, conducted it to their own Camp, and committed it to the Keeping of *Chalchas*, the revolted Priest of *Troy*.

The *Trojans* finding their last Hope gone, mourned, and made great Lamentation, as now giving themselves for lost, especially when going to offer Sacrifice, they could not kindle their Fire, and a great Eagle descending, took up the Intrails of the Beast, and flew with them to the *Grecian* Ships.

Then they consulted *Cassandra*, whose Advice they before had refused to hearken to, who told them, That *Apollo* was displeased with them, for the Effusion of the Blood of *Achilles* in his Temple; and that they must go fetch it at his Sepulchre, to burn their Sacrifice; which being accordingly done, the Fire burnt clear.

She farther told them, That certain Treasons were hatching, to deliver the City into the Enemies Hands.

And *Chalchas* the Priest, told the *Greeks*, that the Eagle's dropping the Intrails of the sacrifice into their Ships, signified, That they

should shortly sack *Troy*, and carry away the Wealth to *Greece*,

C H A P. VIII.

The Greeks pretend to make Peace with the Trojans, and under Pretence of offering an Atonement to the Goddess Pallas, introduce a Wooden Horse into the City, with armed Men in the Belly of it. Cassandra, and many of the Priests of Troy, endeavoured to have it destroyed. But, however, it is drawn in, and placed before the Temple of Pallas.

THE *Trojans* being thus reduced to the last Extremity, dispatch'd the Ambassadors they had nominated, to make Overtures of Peace to the *Greeks*, offering to deliver *Hellen*, and reimburse them part of their Charges, if they would quietly depart into their own Country:

This the *Grecians* seemed to hearken to, and appointed Ambassadors to treat with those of *Troy*, who concluded a Peace between the two Nations, which was approved of, and ratified by both Parties, though King *Priamus* disliking some of the Conditions, made Objection to it, and would have sent to levy Forces all over the *Lower Asia*; but was over-ruled by the Advice of the Traytor *Antenor*, who persuaded him to sign the Peace.

In Consequence of this Treaty, the *Grecians* withdrew their Forces, and imbarcking them, retired to *Tenedos*, that they might lull the *Trojans* into a profound Security, and by that Means have an Opportunity to execute their intended Purposes.

The *Greeks*, in the mean Time, pretending that they were greatly concerned for having sacrilegiously violated the Temple of *Pallas*, in stealing thence the *Palladium*, and being afraid of her Vengeance, in their return home by Sea, desired the *Trojans* to admit into their City a Wooden Horse, which they had caused to be built for an Offering to the Goddess, to appease her just Resentments. To which the insatiable *Trojans* consented.

This Wooden Horse was contrived by one *Daedalus*, a crafty *Argive*, and made of a prodigious Magnitude, and hollow, so that it was able to contain in the Belly of it, a whole Band of Men; and the *Trojans* having thus fatally agreed to admit it into *Troy*, *Ulysses*, and an Hundred armed *Grecians*, enter'd the Belly of the Horse, by means of Trap Door in its Side, and with great Trouble and Labour, it was drawn upon Wheels to *Troy*; and it being too big to go in at the Gates, the *Trojans* looking upon themselves to be safe, because of the Peace lately concluded, broke down a Part of the Wall and the Gate, to receive it, which they did with Shouts, and great Demonstrations of Joy.

However, *Cassandra* no sooner saw it, but she cried out to destroy it, as likewise did many of the Priests; and one of them throwing a Javelin, it entered the Body of it, and piercing the Side of one of the *Grecians* that was therein, the Groans as of a dying Man were heard.

Notwithstanding all these Warnings, the infuriated *Trojans*, tired out with Ten Year War, which they now concluded at an End with great Rejoycings, drew it in, and conducted it to the middle of the City, and placed it before the Temple of *Minerva*.

CHAP. IX.

The Grecians in the Night, while the Trojans are drowned in Wine and Security, descend the Wooden Horse, and let in the Greek Army. King Priamus is slain, his Queen and Daughters taken Prisoners, the Nobles put in Irons, and Troy is plunder'd, and utterly destroyed.

THIS fatal Engine of Troy's Destruction being thus drawn into that City, notwithstanding the Remonstrances of *Cassandra* and the Priests, the *Grecians*, as they had concerted before, pretended to imbark, and hoist their Sails in order for their Departure from the *Trojan* Territories.

And this News being brought to the City, occasioned an universal Joy, and the People looking upon themselves now delivered from a tedious bloody War, set no Bounds to their Merriment and Rejoycings, continuing the same 'till Midnight; at what Time they departed every one to his Repose.

This Time being the properest for the *Grecians* to execute their bloody Purposes, now that the unthinking *Trojans* were buried in Sleep and Wine, *Ulysses* with his Companions descended the Wooden Horse, by the Trap-door in its Belly, and surprizing the Guards, seized the Gates of the City, and let in *Pyrrhus* and the whole *Grecian* Army, who entred with mighty Shouts, that seemed to rend the very Skies, and breaking open the Houses, they miserably massacred the sleeping *Trojans*, and putting all to the Sword, without sparing either Age or Sex, set Fire to many stately Palaces, by the Light whereof they were assisted to prosecute their insatiable Revenge and Barbarity.

They proceeded then to plunder the Palaces, Temples and Shrines, all over the City, heaping up in the Market-place great Piles of Gold and Silver; and by this Time the Confusion and Alarm was General, and nothing was heard but the Crackling Flames of the burning Structures, the horrid Cries of the distressed *Trojans*, the dreadful Clashing of Swords and Armour, and the insulting Shouts of the destroying *Grecians*. Of which dismal Catastrophe,

strophe, the Poet gives the following emphatical Description.

*Who can the cruel Funerals of that Night
Declare? With equal Tears those Woes recite
Th' old City falls, potent so many Years:
In every Street Slaughter in Heaps appears,
Bodies in Houses, sacred Temples thrown!
Nor did the Trojans suffer Death alone;
The Vanquished their Courages recall,
And now the Grecian Conquerors do fall.
From tow'ring Battlements, with melted Lead,
In burning Show'rs, they scald the Victors dead:
Pull down themselves their lofty Spires, and throw
The massy Stones, and crush the daring Foe.
In all Parts cruel Grief, in all Parts Fear,
And Death, in various Shapes, was every where.*

These dismal Noises soon reached the Royal Palace of Illion, which King Priamus prepared to defend with the utmost Resolution. Pyrrhus assaulted this with great Fury; but was many times repulsed by the Defendants, who threw down Stones, Beams, melted Lead, Pitch, and Wild fire, which much annoyed the Greeks, and slew many of them; but at last, Pyrrhus being recruited with fresh Troops, with redoubled Vigour attack'd the Palace, and tearing down the brazen Pillars, on which the Gates hung, he rushed in with his Mirmidons, and slew all that stood in his Way, so that the very Pavements were slippery with Blood.

Then

Then was the Air fill'd with horrid Shrieks and Cries, and the Lamentations and Groans of the fleeing and wounded *Trojans*, ecchoed through the Palace; and to make the Scene still more dismal and lamentable, *Polites*, one of King *Priamus's* Natural Sons, being wounded, and fleeing before the remorseless *Pyrhus*, that barbarous *Greek* pursuing him into his Royal Father's Sight, struck him through with his Javelin, so that some of his Blood sprinkled upon the King's Garments.

This barbarous Cruelty so incens'd the aged Monarch, that he fought like one in Despair; but being over-power'd he fled to the Altar, where *Pyrhus* pursued him, and without Respect to the Sacred Place, his Royal Dignity, or great Age, he wreathed his Left-hand in his Reverend Grey-Hairs, and dragging him thro' his Son's Blood, with the greatest Inhumanity, he sheathed his Sword in his Side, so that he fell down dead to the Earth, in the Sight of his Queen and Daughters; whose bitter Shrieks, Cries, Lamentations, and Prayers, were not able to prevail with the barbarous *Grecian* to spare his Life.

Then the *Grecians* found themselves Masters of the whole City, and being glutted with the Effusion of Human Blood, and *Paris* being killed by *Menelaus*, their Cruelty and Slaughter a little ceased, and they now gave themselves up, every Man to plunder the City, and to secure to himself what Treasure and Spoils he could seize upon.

The

The Morning no sooner dawned, but the *Greeks*, like Bees, swarmed with their rich Spoils to their Ships, often returning, and groaning under their Burthens. Queen *Hecuba*, and the Princesses *Cassandra* and *Polixena*, were made Prisoners, *Hellen*, the fatal Cause of all these Mischiefs, was taken out of *Paris's* Palace; and deliver'd to her injur'd Husband *Menelaus*, who would have put her to Death, had not the other Princes interceded for her, and excus'd her Transgression upon Account of Female Frailty.

After this, the *Greeks* set Fire to the City, beat down the Towers, Bulwarks and Fortifications, demolish'd to the Ground the stately Palaces, the Work of many Years, and laid the Walls in a Heap of Rubbish; and then putting the remaining Nobles and Ladies, who escaped the Desolation of Fire and Sword, into Fetters of Iron, they retired with them to their Camp.

And thus, after a Ten Years War, *Troy* was destroyed; so that now Corn grows where that famous City stood, and nothing remains to shew its ancient Grandeur, except some few Ruins that serve to direct Travellers to it. The famous Rivers *Xanthus* and *Simois*, so often mentioned by *Homer*, are in a manner dried up, running like little Gutters through the Fields: And all that is discernable of the Ruins, amounts to no more than *Heſtor's* Tomb, much decayed by Time, part of the *Scean* Gate, a Rocky Piece of the Wall, and a Stone Eagle; besides

besides some Ruinous Foundations of Temple
and Palaces, in which a Grove of Oaks grow,
many of them rotten with Age.

But in the Time of *Julius Caesar*, who boasted
to derive his Pedigree from the *Trojans*, and
after the Battle of *Pharsalia*, went to view the
Ruins of *Troy*, there remain'd more considera-
ble Tokens of its former Greatness, as *Lucan*
thus describes.

Sack'd *Troy's* yet honour'd Name he goes about,
To find th' old Wall of great *Apollo* out.
Now fruitless Trees, old Oaks with putrify'd
And rotten Roots the *Trojan* Ruins hide,
And Temples of their Gods. All *Troy's* o'erspread
With Brambles; all her Ruins ruined.
He saw the Bridal Grove *Anchises* lodg'd,
With *Venus* in, the Cave where *Pallas* judg'd;
The Rock *Exione* was bound unto,
When *Hercules* the dire Sea Monster slew;
The Place where *Oenone* play'd, & sang her Love,
And that where *Ganymede* was rap'd by *Jove*.
A little gliding Stream, which *Xanthus* was,
Unknown he pass'd; and in the lofty Grass
Securely went. A *Phrygian* straight forbid
To tread on *Hector's* Dust with Ruins hid.
The Stone retain'd no Sacred Memory:
Jove's *Hercian* Altar dost thou see? quoth he,
All that remains of ruin'd *Troy* to see.

The END of the Third Book.

T H E



Fair *Penthesilia* having fought in vain
Troy's Ruin'd State to save, and being slain,
 And *Troy* to Ashes turn'd, the *Greeks* divide
 The glorious Spoils. The Royal-Line's destroy'd
 Mean while *Aeneas*, with some *Trojan* Bands,
 Escapes, and sails, to People foreign Lands.

TH



THE NEW
HISTORY
OF THE
Destruction of TROY.

In Four BOOKS.

BOOK IV.

CHAP. I.

The fair Polixena, by the Demand of the Ghost of Achilles, is sacrificed on his Tomb.

THE Renowned City of TROY being thus utterly destroyed, the Grecians set about dividing their Spoils, and casting Lots to see to whose Share the noble Captives fell; which being determined, Paris cruelly demanded, that the fair Polixena should be delivered up to him, in order to be sacrificed upon his Father's Tomb, whose angry Ghost appearing to him, had demanded that barbarous piece of Severity. Which is thus described by the Poet.

Then

*Then from the yawning Earth Achilles rose;
Like mighty as in Life; whose Looks disclose
As stern a Wrath, as when his lawless Blade
Was on the Trojans drawn, and frowning said,
O Grecians! most ingrateful! can you thus
Depart? Are our Deserts intomb'd with us?
Now honour me with what I covet most:
Let slain Polixena appease my Ghost.*

The Princes moved with Compassion for the
Beauty and Innocence of the Royal Virgin,
strenuously opposed this cruel Demand, but
Pyrhus being resolute, the fair Princess was
delivered up; of whose Behaviour, Constancy
and bloody Execution, Ovid thus sweetly sings.

*With Grief they the ungentle Ghost obey'd,
'And from her Mother's Bosom drew the Maid,
(High-soul'd, Unhappy, more than Feminine)
To stern Achilles Tomb, Life to resign
With Rites Infernal. Of her Birth she thought;
And now unto the bloody Altar brought,
Seeing herself the Sacrifice prepar'd,
And that the trembling Priest upon her star'd
With Sword advanc'd, she said, untoucht with Dread,
Our generous Blood to your Intentions shed,
Dispatcht, in Throat or Breast, I am prepar'd,
Your Weapon sheath. (With that her Bosom bare)
Polixena doth Servitude despise,
And yet no God affects such Sacrifice.
I only wish my Death might be unknown
To my afflicted Mother, She alone*

Dispatch

Disturbs me more than Death; tho' Priam's Wife
My Death should less bewail, than her own Life.
Nor let the touch of Man pollute a Maid;
That my free Soul may to th' Elysian Shade
Untainted pass. If this be just, remove
Your Hand; I shall more acceptable prove
Unto that God, oh Ghost, whate'er he be,
To whom I'm offer'd, if my Blood be free,
And if a dying Tongue prevail at all,
I, late Great Priam's Daughter, now a Thrall,
Solicite, That my Corps may not be sold;
But given my Mother: Nor exchange for Gold
And Rites of Sepulture. In former Years
She'd Gold to give; now poor, accept her Tears
This having said, for her that would not weep,
The People wept. The Priest could hardly keep
His Eyes from Tears; yet did what he abhor'd,
And in her proffer'd Bosom thrust his Sword.
On doubling Knees she sinks, with silent Breath,
And cheerfully imbraceth smil'd on Death.
Then when she fell, she had a Care to hide
What should be hid, and chastly decent dy'd,

Thus fell the beautiful Polixena, in the Prime
And Flower of her Age, to appease the Ghost
Of the revengeful Achilles. Her Corps, as she
had requested, was carry'd by the Trojan Dames
With Funeral Songs of Praise and Lamentation
To her distressed Mother; who, on this dismal
Occasion, gave way to her unbounded Grief,
And wofully lamented, that neither her Beauty,
Youth, nor Sex, could save her from the cruel
Revenge of Achilles, who even after Death,
when

when she had promised herself, that that terrible Scourge of the House of *Troy*, would never more be able to offend them, still pursued his dire Resentments upon the distressed Remainder of her unfortunate Family. All which *Ovid* thus emphatically expresses in the Person of the Royal Mother, bemoaning the dismal Fate of the fair *Polixena*, and her own hard Happiness to survive these bloody Executions.

Poor Daughter! our last Sorrow! (what is left For Fortune's Spite?) by bloody Death bereft,
On thee I see my Wounds. That of my Seed
None may unwounded die, ev'n thou must bleed
In that a *Woman*, thee I held secur'd:
But thou, O *Woman*! suffer'd by the Sword,
This Bane of *Troy*, our utter Ruine, who
So many of thy Princely Brothers slew,
Hath slain thee too! When he a Corps was made
By *Paris* and *Apollo's* Shafts, I said,
Now is Achilles to be fear'd no more!
Yet dead, to us he's dreadful as before.
Against my Race his Ashes rise: his Tomb
Presents a Foe. O my unhappy Womb!
To's Fury fruitful!— My sole Hope is lost,
And offer'd to appease an hostile Ghost.
Infernal Sacrifices to the Dead,
Ev'n to my Foe! my cursed Womb hath bred
Hard Heart, why break'st thou not? What
[Hopes inga
Thine Expectation? Mischievous Old Age,
For what reserv'st thou me? Ye cruel Powers
Why lengthen ye a poor Old Woman's Hours?

To see new Funerals? O Priam! I
 May call thee happy, after ruin'd Troy.
 Happy in Death. Thou seest not this sad Fate:
 Thou lost thy Life together with thy State,
 Which Funerals attend thee, Royal Maid:
 And by thine Ancestors thou shalt be laid.
 No! thy Mother's Tears, an Heap of Sand,
 Canst now content thee in a foreign Land.
 State so potent, and so fortunate
 Husband, Sons, and Height of humane State;
 In Exile now am hal'd: despis'd, and torn
 From these sad Sepulchres, from Troy born
 To serve *Penelope*, that while I sew
 I spin at her Commandment, she may shew
 Her Slave to *Ithacensian* Dames, and say,
 O, *Hector's* Mother! *Priam's Hecuba*!

These mournful Reflections the distressed
 Queen made over the Corps of her fair Daugh-
 ter, which she bathed with her Tears, and
 Wept over, 'till her Eyes were dry, and she
 Could weep no longer. But this was not the
 Most dismal Tragedy that was to afflict the un-
 happy *Hecuba*, as the following Chapter will
 manifest.

C H A P. II.

*While Hecuba consoles herself for the Death
her beloved Daughter, that she had her young
Son Polydorus still living, she finds his dead
Body cast up by the Sea. In Grief and Despair
she tears out the Eyes of the treacherous King
who murdered him, and runs distracted.*

AT the Beginning of the Siege of Troy
King Priamus sent his youngest Son, cal-
led Polydorus, who was an Infant, unable to
bear the Fatigues and Horrors, which are the
inseparable Companions of a long Siege, to
his Kinsman and Ally Polymnestor King of
Thrace, with a great Sum of Money, which he
had intended for a Fortune to the Child, when
he grew up, if any Disaster befell his King-
dom, or in Case he was overcome by the Grecian
Forces.

On this Youth Queen Hecuba, who was of
the Thracian Coasts, when the dead Body of
her beloved Daughter was brought her, fix'd
her Thoughts, in order to console herself for
the grievous Loss she had sustained; which the
Poet thus expresses.

———— Yet lives a little Boy,
My last and youngest Joy, when I could say
For whom I condescend to live a Space
Here foster'd by the courteous King of Thrac

But this great Sum of Money, instead of being a Motive for the good Usage of the Royal Infant, proved the fatal Cause of his Overthrow: For the perfidious King being tempted by the Lucre of so much Gold, and being now without Fear of the Resentments of the Royal House of Troy, stab'd the Youth, and threw his dead Body into the Sea, and then took into his Possession the fatal Gold.

Hecuba hoping this young Prince was living, tortures her self for the Death of *Polixena*; her going to the Sea Shoar, with those few Ladies that attended her, to draw Water to wash the bloody Corps of her Daughter, she beheld the murder'd Body of *Polydorus* cast up by the swelling Surges. The Grief and Horror the miserable Queen conceived hereupon; the Confusion of her Mind; the Method she took to revenge on the barbarous King, and her own running distracted, are all so lively expressed by the sweet tongu'd *Ovid*, that we cannot do better than to insert the whole Circumstance from him in the following Lines.

The Queen with aged Pace, her hoary Hairs all torn and scatter'd, to the Sea repairs.

And while the Wretched said, You *Troader*,

Pitcher bring to draw the brinish Seas;

She saw the cast up Corps of *Polydore*,

Stuck full of Wounds, upon the beachy Shore!

The Ladies shriek; she dumb with Sorrow stood,

Whist inward Grief, her Voice, her Tears, her Blood,

At

At once devour'd. And now, as if intranc
Stares on the Earth; sometimes to Hea
advanc'd

Her scouling Brows; oft on his Visage gaz
But oftner on his Wounds. By Anger rais'd
Arm'd, and instructed, all on Vengeance be
Still, Queen-like, destines his Punishment.
And as a Lioness, robb'd of her Young,
Pursues the unseen Hunter's Steps; so, stun
With Fury, when her Sorrow with her Rage
Had join'd their Powers; unmindful of her
But not of former Greatness, ran with Speed
To *Polymnestor*, Author of this Deed.
And craving Conference, the Tyrant told
How she could shew him Sums of hidden G
To give her *Polydore*. This held for true,
He thirsty of his Prey, with her withdrew;
And flattering her, thus craftily begun:
Delay not, *Hecuba*, t' enrich thy Son;
By all the Gods, we justly will restore
What thou shalt give, and what thou gav'st
She with a truculent Aspect beheld (to
The falsely swearing King, with Anger swe
Then calls the Captive Dames, upon him flie
Who hides her Fingers in his perjur'd Eyes,
Extracts his Eye-balls: More than usual ston
With thirsty Vengeance, and the Sense of Wro
Her Hand drowns in his Skull; the Roots up
Of his lost Sight, imbru'd with guilty Gore.
The Men of *Thrace*, incens'd for their King
Weapons and Stones at *Hecuba* now fling.
She snarling flies, and quite of Wit bestrang
Runs up and down; by furious-Frenzy rang

Flees to the Desarts, with fell Beasts of Prey,
 And like them howls; that once all *Asia*
 With subject Awe, did honour and obey.
 The *Trojans*, *Grecians*, those who love or hate,
 Yea, all the Gods commiserate her Fate;
 Ev'n spiteful *Juno* did to this descend,
 That *Hecuba* deserv'd not such an End.

This, from the highest Pitch of Worldly
 Grandeur, was the miserable Fate of the un-
 happy Queen *Hecuba*, whom the Poets feign
 to have been metamorphos'd into a Bitch; be-
 cause of her Distraction and outrageous Beha-
 viour in her deplorable Misfortunes.

C H A P. III.

Of the hard Fate of Hector's Sons, through the
 Cruelty of *Pyrrhus*; who forces their Mother to
 marry him. *Cassandra's* hard Usage.

HAVING thus recited this dreadful Tragedy
 of the deplorable Ends of *Polixena*, *Poly-
 dorus*, and Queen *Hecuba*, we shall briefly, to
 complete the Account of the Destruction of
 this Glorious Monarchy, recite some other Pas-
 sages that are necessary to be recorded, for il-
 lustrating this famous History.

When *Pyrrhus* had destroyed the Palace of
Ilium, and killed the Royal *Priamus*, he next
 turned his Fury against the Noble Palace of the
 Renowned *Hector*; and after some Resistance,
 entering

entering the same, young *Laomedon*, was one of the first that received his Death at the Hands of the remorseless Conqueror; who soon after caused young *Astyanax*, the other Son of *Hector* to be taken violently from the Arms of his Governor and Attendants, and carryed to the highest Tower of the Palace, from whence, as *Ovid* sings,

*He'd seen his Father, by his Mother shown;
Fight for his Kingdom's Safety, and his own.*

Where he was thrown violently down, and dash'd to Pieces. After this bloody Execution *Pyrrhus* being taken with the Beauty of *Andromache*, the Widow of *Hector*, forced her to be his Wife; whom he afterwards put away for the sake of another Lady, which occasioned his own Death, and gave her to the Brother of *Hector*, called *Hellenus*, who was the only Son of King *Priamus* that escaped the general Destruction.

As for the fair Prophetess *Cassandra*, though she had ever opposed the Rape of *Hellen*, and the provoking the Resentments of the Greeks, yet did not these Considerations, nor the sacred Character she bore, as Priestess of *Apollo*, procure her much better Fortune, seeing she was given as a Slave to *Hellen*, her bitter Enemy, whom she had frequently reproved for her dissolute Life, and Adultery with her Brother *Paris*. And at the taking of *Troy*, she had been mercilessly dragged by the Hair of her

He

Head from the Altar of *Apollo*, where she had taken Sanctuary by *Diomedes*. This fatal End had all the Royal House of *Troy*, which in its Prosperity, consisted of Fifty Princesses, Daughters of King *Priamus*, who were most of them married, and Thirty Sons, who had Palaces apart by themselves, in the City or adjacent Towns, and all manner of Royal Attendance. Nor did the Conquering *Grecians* themselves, meet with a better Fate, as shall be declared in the ensuing Chapter.

CHAP. IV.

The sad Catastrophe of Agamemnon, and many of the Grecian Princes.

AFTER the *Grecians* had thus satiated their long desired Vengeance in the utter Destruction of *Troy*, they embarked all their Forces, and the vast Treasure they had gathered from the Plunder of that famous City, and set Sail to return to *Greece*, from whence they had been absent above Ten Years. After a very difficult Voyage, and a prodigious Storm, which scattered the Fleet, and made them throw most of their rich Booty overboard; they landed, some in their own Countries, and others were for several Years tost and fro, and exposed to the most dangerous accidents: And, as if Fortune were determined to pursue them with a resolute Vengeance,

geance, as they had taken on the *Trojans*, there was hardly any of the *Grecian* Conquerors that escaped a worse Fate than that which they had inflicted on their vanquish'd Enemies.

Agamemnon, the Chief Prince and General of the Confederacy, after infinite Difficulties landing in his own Country, found his Queen *Clytemnestra* had lived all the Time of his Absence in Adultery with *Aegystus*; and the feeling the Resentments of her Royal Husband, conspired with her Gallant, and as they had before murder'd his Honour, they now destroy'd his Life: And thus he who had waged a Ten Years War abroad, to revenge his Brother *Menelaus*, who was abused by *Helen's* Adultery with *Paris*, was not only himself dishonoured in like manner, but paid his Life a sacrifice to the unbounded Lust of an Adulterous Wife. Which affords an excellent Moral to those Marry'd Men, who take a Liberty to censure other People, when they are not able to answer for their own Fate at Home, or to warrant the Virtue of their own Wives.

But these infamous Adulterers met with speedy Vengeance; for *Orestes*, the Son of *Agamemnon* and *Clytemnestra*, in Revenge of his Father's Death, slew both *Aegystus*, and his Mother.

The cruel *Pyrrhus*, Son of *Achilles*, met with no better a Fate; for having put away *Cassandra*, the Wife of *Hector*, whom he had forced to marry him, as has been before hinted, he took to Wife *Hermione*, a *Lacedemonian* Princess.

cess, who had before been betrothed to *Orestes*, Son of *Agamemnon*; which so much exasperated that bloody Prince, that taking his Opportunity, while *Pyrhus* was sacrificing to the Gods, in Gratitude for his safe Return, he slew him at the high Altar, without any Regard to the Sacredness of the Place, or the Solemnity of the Occasion.

Menelaus was tost up and down from Sea to Sea, to *Hercules's* Pillars, which were then esteemed the Earth's utmost Bounds, and endured Miseries worse than Death: which made him frequently wish to have fallen before the *Trojan* Walls, rather than be exposed to so many dire Misfortunes.

Hellen, the Cause of all this War and Bloodshed, lived an uncomfortable Life, abhorred by all, and cursed by every Mouth: and at last, growing Old, as she was dressing herself in the Glass, being overwhelmed with Grief to observe the Decay of that Beauty which had set the World in a Flame, she desperately hanged herself.

Diomedes, who had so cruelly misused the fair *Cassandra*, and had violated the *Palladium*, after no less Hardships and Difficulties, arrived at his own Country: but being pursued by the Resentments of the Goddess *Pallas* and *Apollo*, he was banished by his own Subjects, who set up another in his Throne, and followed him with still severer Troubles; 'till at length arriving in *Italy*, he settled a Colony there, and erected a Kingdom, after having

lost all his Friends by the Storms and Seas, and almost all his Men; which Sufferings the Poet thus describes in the Person of *Diomedes*, complaining to the Ambassadors of King *Turnus*, who sought his Aid against *Aeneas* and his *Trojans*.

*After that Ruin'd Troy our Prey became,
And lofty Ilium fed the Grecian Flame,
Scatter'd on faithless Seas with furious Storms,
We, wretched Grecians! suffer'd all the Forms
Of Horror! ———
—— Lightning, Night, Show'rs, Wrath of Skies,
Of Seas, and all the dismal'st Cruelties
That could b'inflicted by hard hearted Fate!
Ev'n Priam woul have pity'd our Estate!
From my ingrateful Country chas'd again,
Dire Pallas tost me on the swallowing Main;
And Venus too my dreadful Foe I found,
New Woes inflicting, On the vast Profound,
Much suffering in the direst Conflicts, I
Oft call'd them Happy, whom the Injury
Of boistrous Tempests, and the harbourless
Devouring Ocean drown'd. The worst Distress
Indur'd, unhappy we! more happy far
The Braves that perish'd in the Trojan War!
They knew an End of all their Miseries:
But we, pursu'd by Water, Earth, and Skies,
With dismal Hate, depriv'd of ev'ry Friend!
Know not when our Misfortunes will have End.*

As for *Ulysses*, he suffer'd Shipwreck, and lost all the Booty he had gained at the Destruction of *Troy*, and wander'd about Ten Years more, before he arrived at *Ithaca* his Native Country; meeting with many dreadful Misfortunes, and running sundry great Hazards, both from the Witchcrafts of *Circe*, the insinuating Songs of the *Syrens*, and the Tempestuous Seas; and at length arriving, was forced, with his Son *Telemachus*, to fight for his Wife and Family, and slay a Multitude of impertinent Courtiers, who paid their Addresses to the fair *Penelope*, and rioted in his Palace, supposing he was dead.

CHAP. V.

Eneas's Piety to his Father, and his Gods. He loses his Wife in the General Calamity; and gathers together all the Trojans, that escaped the Sack of Troy; And goes in Search of a New Country, where they might settle and erect a Monarchy.

HAVING thus given a summary Account of the dreadful Fate that beset the *Grecian* Chiefs, and thereby compleated the famous History of the Destruction of that glorious Monarchy, we shall now deduce from thence an Account of the Foundation of the *Roman* Empire, and the Arrival of *Brute* in Great-Britain,

Britain, who founded another glorious Monarchy in this Island; as if it were decreed by Fate, That *Troy* should never be totally lost; or rather, That it was not destroy'd, but transplanted only, to the happier *European* Climates.

When *Troy* was laid in Ruins, such of the *Trojans* as had escaped the Sword of the *Greeks*, fled to Mount *Ida* in *Phrygia*, with *Aeneas*, who in the general Conflagration, having a long Time fought valiantly against the Enemies, and finding himself overpower'd by their Numbers, while others were busie to save their best Effects, made a far more excellent and laudable Choice, which has recommended him for an Example of Piety and Duty, and immortalized his Name to all succeeding Generations.

This illustrious Hero, despising all other Considerations, made it his Business in the first Place, to secure his Household Gods; and immediately afterwards, took his aged Father *Anchises*, who had been Bed-ridden, several Years, and setting him upon his Shoulders, carry'd him out of the devouring Flames; taking his little Son *Julius*, or *Ascanius*, in his Hand, while his Wife *Creusa*, one of the Daughters of King *Priamus*, followed at a Distance. These precious Pledges of his Duty and Affection, he carry'd safe to Mount *Ida*; but missing his beloved Wife, he went back in search of her, running through the extreamest Danger from the destroying Flames

and

and fighting his Way through whole Squadrons of the Greeks; but to his great Grief, found that he was either taken Captive, or had perished in the General Calamity; whereupon finding all his Pains and Trouble to no purpose, he returned full of Sorrow to the Mountain of Ida.

The Trojans being assembled here in considerable Numbers, of both Sexes, conceiving no more hope of re-building Troy; *Aeneas*, whom by one Consent they had chosen their Prince and Leader, comforted them with a moving Oration; That seeing all Hopes were vanish'd, that they could remain in their own Country much longer, it was requisite they should submit patiently to their Misfortune, and give way to the Fates, who declar'd themselves adverse to them, and deny'd them any longer to settle in Asia: But had, according to many Prophecies of *Calandra*, *Helenus*, and the Oracle of *Delphos*, promis'd throughout the World, allotted them other Seats in Europe, from whence their Ancestors sprung.

These and the like Encouragements, made them submit intirely to be govern'd by his Directions and Conduct, concluding, That under so prudent and valiant a Prince, they should not miscarry: Whereupon, getting ready a Navy, they embark'd, and with weeping Eyes left the Shoar, when the Wind blew strong, and Coasted many Grecian Islands, 'till they came upon the Coast of *Thracia*, where they landed to refresh themselves; and after

Aeneas had made a Sacrifice to the Gods, to implore their Protection in the Pursuit of their Voyage, they imbarc'd again, knowing that Inhabitants of that Inhospitable Country were no Friends to them, and sailed to *Deles*, an Island in the *Mediterranean*, to inquire of the Oracle of *Apollo*, Where the Fates had appointed them new Seats ? And were answer'd by the Oracle in doubtful Terms ; viz.

*The Land which did your Ancestors maintain,
You now must seek to cherish you again.*

C H A P. VI.

The Trojans continue their Voyage, and attempt to settle at Creet ; but are driven thence by Famine, They are encounter'd by the Harpies : one of which advises them to steer to Italy. They are nobly treated at Epirus, and precaution'd of the Dangers they are to avoid. A Description of Scylla and Charybdis, and of Mount Aetna in Sicily.

THE Trojans having received this doubtful Answer from the Oracle, concluded That the Country they were to settle in, must needs be the Island of Creet, where *Jupiter* was born, who was the Father of *Venus*, held to be the Mother of *Aeneas*, because he was exceeding fair and beautiful ; but when they landed there, they found it almost deserted

by reason of a Plague, which had swept away many Thousands: However, they began to build Houses, and marry Wives; and make Settlements.

But a great Dearth happening soon after, they were admonished to leave it, and seek *Hesperian* Realms, which is the Country now called *Italy*.

Accordingly they embarked, and sailing among the Rocks, they came to the Islands called *Strophodes*, inhabited by *Harpies*, a kind of ravenous Fowl, with a Woman's Face, where having killed some Venison and dressed it, those hungry Creatures no sooner smelt the Food, but they flew from the Rocks, with hideous Cries and Shrieks, tearing it with their Talions, and tainting it with their infectious Breath; and tho' the *Trojans* defended their Food with their Swords, and slew divers of them, yet a second time they spoiled it, so that they were forced to give it over; at what time *Celano*, one of the chief *Harpies*, perching upon a Rock, with a human Voice, uttered the following Prophecy.

*Your Quest is Italy; to that you'll sail:
Enter her Ports with the implored Gale.
But e'er you shall surround your Town with Walls,
Dire Famine, for our unjust Funerals,
Shall make you eat your Trenchers. This she said,
And to the Woods she flies with Wings display'd.*

This much startled the *Trojans*; but upon their Landing in *Italy*, it was turned into a Jest, by their eating the Bottoms of their Loaves, on which they cut their Meat, and served them instead of Trenchers.

Sailing from these Islands to *Epirus*, they found reigning there *Hellenus*, one of King *Priam's* Sons, who had married his Brother *Hector's* Wife, as has been before recited, by whom they were kindly entertained with all manner of Refreshments, dismissed with rich Presents, and directed how they should steer their Course to *Italy*, with the Dangers they were likely to meet in that Voyage, and by what means they should avoid them, and especially *Scylla* and *Charybdis*, lying in the narrow Streight of the Sea, between *Sicily* and *Italy*, feigned by the Poets to be Sea-monsters, that drowned and devoured Mariners.

And now, because these Names very often occur in Poetry and History, it may not be amiss to give a brief Description of them.

Scylla was feigned by the Poets, to be a beautiful Nymph, beloved by *Glaucus*, a Sea-God, who for her sake forsook *Galatea*, an Inchantress, who therefore by Art Magick, in Revenge, caused her to be surrounded by barking Dogs, and turned into a Sea-monster. But it is no more than a deep Rocky Cave on the Coast of *Calabria*, in *Italy*, which being beaten upon by the foaming Surges, makes it sound at a Distance, like the Yelping or Barking of Dogs; and occasions a kind of Eddy

or Whirlpool, so impetuous, that it destroys inevitably all the Ships that come within its Reach.

Charibdis lyes opposite to *Scylla*, which occasioned the famous Adage from the Conduct of those, who to avoid one Danger or Extreme, oftentimes run upon another, as bad or worse; as those unskillful Mariners used to do, who steering too much to the Right, to avoid *Charibdis*, were usually lost upon *Scylla*. Whence grave Authors frequently deduce a Moral of excellent Use in common Life; to induce Mankind to keep a middle Course in all their Actions and Passions, and swerve neither to the Right Hand nor Left. *Charibdis* is a vast Recess of Rocky Caves, into which the Waves driving forcibly, it swells up to a vast height, and over-charging those subterranean Caverns, it rebounds with a Violence as if forced out of an Engine, and spouts up a prodigious Height in mighty Waves, which suddenly falling on the Ships, sunk them often, and drowned the Mariners, who formerly were not aware of and could not though near the Shore, climb up the steep Rocks to save themselves.

Aeneas being thus warned, steered safely in the middle Course, and came within View of the Coast of *Italy*; but the Wind varying, and a Storm arising, drove him into a Port of the Island of *Sicily*, near Mount *Aetna*.

This

This dreadful Mountain *Aeneas* landed to view, and was much surprized to see it belch out so terribly sulphureous Flames and Globes of Fire; as it continues to do to this very Day, to the Terror and Astonishment of the Spectators: Sometimes throwing out vast Quantities and Streams of Fire and Brimstone, like flaming Rivers, which impetuously bear down and destroy all before them where they pass; ejecting such vast Quantities of Ashes and Stones, as frequently bury whole Villages in their Ruins.

C H A P. VII.

The surprizing Adventures of Acmedines, a Grecian Nobleman. The Trojan Wives burn their Ships, to oblige their Husbands to stay in Sicily.

AENEAS having with the utmost Surprise viewed fully this stupendous Mountain with his Father *Anchises*, and divers of his principal Soldiers, went farther up into the Country, in order to divert themselves, and take a View thereof.

They had not gone far, before they saw a Man coming towards them, in a very supplicating manner, in tatter'd Garments, girded with Thorns, his Beard overgrown and squallid, by his Habit appearing to be a Greek, who coming nearer, perceiving they were Trojans

made a stand for a Time, and then taking Courage, advanced, and fell on his Knees, supplicating them for the sake of the Gods to have Mercy upon him, and deliver him from that horrid Place; assuring them, that he was sorry he had ever been an Enemy to Troy, and that they would not only forgive, but pity him, if they knew but what he had undergone; concluding, That he desired to die by their Swords, rather than to remain any longer there.

Whilst the *Trojans* stood amazed, *Anchises* gave the woful Greek his Hand, and *Aeneas* raising him up, commanded him to tell the Cause of his Misfortune. Whereat, taking Courage, he told them, That his Name was *Aeneas*; that he was a Nobleman of Greece, and attended *Ulysses* to Troy, who landing at this Port in his Return home, to seek Provisions, they entred a vast Cave in a Rock hard by, where they found, to their great Joy, Sheep, with much Cheese and Milk; but before they had Time to carry them away, in came a monstrous Giant called *Polyphemus*, who entring, flung down a Stone upon the Cave's Mouth, so weighty, that the Strength of all their Men could not remove it; so that being thus surprizingly imprisoned, they were forced to hide; but he having made a Fire, and espying them by the Light of it, seized the two first that came to his Hands by the Heels, and dashing their Brains out against the Rock, greedily devoured their yet trembling Flesh.

Ulysses

Ulysses seeing the Danger they were all in, came out, and offer'd the Giant a Quantity of *Greek Wine* they had brought with them, praying him to drink that to digest his Food: He accepting it, drank it off, and being unus'd to *Wine*, it made him so drunk, that he fell asleep; notwithstanding which, with all their Strength being unable to remove the Stone, they thought fit not to kill the Giant, because he only was able to do it; whereupon *Ulysses* with a *Spear* put out his Eye, he having but one, which stood in the middle of his Forehead, as broad as a *Greek Shield*; upon which, waking with the Pain, he roared terribly; and soon after, removing the Stone, he placed himself in the Cave's Mouth, feeling about with his long Arms, to catch them as they went out, and roaring out for the rest of the *Cyclopians* Giants to come and help him: Whereupon *Ulysses* and his Companions found means to fatten themselves under the Bellies of the Sheep, which carry'd them out, only this *Acmenides* falling off, was left behind; and hiding himself three or four Days in the Cave, so that the blind Giant could not find him, he at last escaped to the Woods, where finding the Ships gone, he lived upon wild Fruits to this Time, and seeing them come on that Coast, he had now ventur'd his Life in their Hands, rather than longer to be exposed to such great Hardships.

The Greek had hardly related this Story, but Polyphemus, and many other Giants, who from the woody Hills had espy'd the Trojans, came rushing down with mighty Clubs: So that being unable to contend with such Monsters, they all hasted on Board, and weighing Anchors, put into another Part of *Sicily*, where they were kindly treated by the King, who knew *Anchises*; who dying, was honourably buried there.

During these Transactions, the Trojan Matrons being weary of their tedious Voyages, and liking the Fruitfulness of this Country, set the Ships on Fire, that they might not go away; which being, with much Difficulty, quenched, and the Damage repaired, they left behind them those Women, and the most aged of the Men, and put to Sea once more, in quest of *Italy*.

C H A P. VIII.

The Trojans are driven by a Storm on the Coast of Africa. Queen Dido falls in Love with Æneas. He leaves her, arrives in Italy, &c.

THE Trojans had not been long at Sea, before a great Tempest arose, and drove them ashore on the Coast of *Africa*; where Queen *Dido* had lately built the famous City of *Carthage*; who kindly entertained *Æneas* and his Men, and at length fell desperately in Love

Love with him: And soon after gave him an Opportunity to enjoy her, to their mutual Satisfaction. But being admonished in a Dream to leave that Coast, and pursue his Voyage to *Italy*, he stole away from her. Whereupon she in Grief and Distraction, fell upon a Sword, and slew her self.

After this, *Aeneas* and his *Tojans* arriv'd in the Mouth of the River *Tybur* in *Italy*, and sent Messengers to *Latinus* King of *Latium*, to request, That he might have Lands allotted him to build a City; the Fates having decreed that to be his Resting-place after all his Toils. The King receiv'd them very kindly; and the rather, because having consulted the Oracle about the Marriage of fair *Lavinia*, his only Daughter, whom many Princes sued for, he was answer'd in this manner:

*Match not thy Daughter to a Latin Prince;
For mighty Dangers will arise from thence.
A Foreign Son must come your Name to plant
Among the Stars; and Fate to him shall grant
A Glorious Reign, and such a Progeny,
As Lords of all the World in time shall be.*

King *Latinus* concluding that *Aeneas* arriving so luckily from a Foreign Coast, was the gallant Son promis'd him by the Oracle, sent back the Messengers with a Present of Three hundred stately Horses in proper Caparisons and Furniture, desiring to make him his Son-in-Law, as the Oracle had directed.

C H A P. IX.

Turnus King of Rutulia, enraged against King Latinus, because of his Daughter whom he courted, makes War upon him. Æneas seeks the Assistance of Foreign Powers, &c. After several bloody Conflicts, he kills Turnus.

THIS being known to *Turnus* King of the *Rutilians*, whose Country bordered on the *Latins*, a Prince of a haughty Spirit, huge Stature, and mighty in Courage and Strength, who had gain'd to himself a high Reputation in Feats of Arms; he grew much displeas'd that a Stranger should be prefer'd before him who had obtain'd Leave of King *Latinus* to court the Royal Virgin, and had intirely got Queen *Amata* her Mother to favour his Suit: Upon which he made his Complaint to the King; but finding him fix'd in his Resolves, and not to be moved by the Queen's Interest, he resolv'd to make good his Claim by Force of Arms, and was favour'd in his Design by an Accident that happen'd.

For young *Ascanius* having killed a tame Deer, which the Daughter of King *Turnus's* chief Herdsman had tenderly brought up, and dearly loved, she rais'd all her Father's Herdsmen, who fell upon *Ascanius* and his Servants, so that a bloody Conflict ensued, and several of the Rusticks were killed, and particularly the chief Herdsman's Eldest Son.

Turnus

Turnus laying hold of this Pretence, drew out all his Forces to revenge himself both on the *Trojans* and King *Latinus*. Mean while, *Aeneas* ruminating how to weather this Storm, was advised by a Vision to go and require Aid of *Evander*, a Greek King; This Advice he accordingly pursu'd, and having succeeded to his Wilhes, he returned with a great Force, accompanied by *Pallas* the King's Son, who had contracted with him an intimate Friendship and Brotherhood.

But in the Absence of *Aeneas*, the *Trojans* were driven to the utmost Distress; for *Turnus* had assaulted the Bulwarks they had cast up for their Defence, and getting in alone, had made a great Slaughter killing two of their chief Captains, who had challenged him; and at last, being overpower'd by Numbers, he leaped into the River, and swam to his own Camp, having in the beginning of the Fight, set fire to the *Trojan* Navy.

Things were in this Condition when *Aeneas* arrived with his Auxiliary Forces. At what Time another bloody Battle was fought with the utmost Obstinacy on both Sides: in which *Pallas*, King *Evander's* Son, performed Wonders, hewing his Way through the thickest Squadrons of the Enemies, and slaying many Men of prime Command; 'till in the end, venturing too far, he met with *Turnus*, who had scatter'd the Field around with slaughtered Bodies, and undauntedly encountering him, he received a mighty Wound in his Breast, and

and fell down dead; whereupon *Turnus* alighting, took off his Gold imbroider'd Belr, and put it on his own Back, as a Trophy of his Conquest, which afterwards proved fatal to himself; as shall be related.

Aeneas hearing that *Pallas* was slain, greatly lamented, and to revenge his Death, made incredible Slaughter of his Enemies, levelling his Way with his Sword where-ever he came; so that in the End the *Rutilians* fainting, gave Ground, and retreated. After this many cruel Battles were fought, wherein *Mezentius* and *Camilla*, Queen of the *Volscians*, who took part with *Turnus*, having done Wonders, were slain. The *Trojans* prevailed then, and besieged the chief City of *Rutulia*; 'till at last it was determin'd on both Sides, That the Quarrel should be decided between *Aeneas* and *Turnus* in single Combate, and he who was overcome, should resign the fair Princess *Lavinia* to the Conqueror.

Accordingly, the two Heroes meeting on a plain before the City, so dreadful a Combate ensued, that those who saw it trembled; but *Turnus* at last being deeply wounded in the groin, fell on his bended Knee to the Ground, and being able to resist no longer, yielded up *Lavinia*, and beg'd his Life. *Aeneas* was about to grant his Request, 'till seeing on his Shoulder the Belt of his dear Friend *Pallas*, he cast away all Pity, and thrust his Sword into his Back, so that he fell dead at his Feet.

C H A P. X.

Aeneas having settled his Kingdom in Peace, died and is succeeded by his Son Ascanius, &c.

TURNUS being thus dead, and Queen *Amata* for Grief having strangled herself, King *Latinus* marry'd his Daughter to *Aeneas* with great Pomp, who thereupon leaving his Father-in-Law in Peace to reign in *Latium* departed farther up the *Tybur* with his fair Bride, and built a City, which from his Name he call'd *Lavinium*.

And after the Death of *Latinus*, he likewise reigned over the *Latins*, for the Space of Three Years, augmenting his Dominions; and then dying, his Son *Ascanius* or *Julius* succeeded him, who reign'd in great Glory Thirty Years. *Aeneas* at his Death having left his Wife *Lavinia* great with Child, she for fear of *Ascanius* fled into the Woods, and there was delivered of a Son, whom she thence named *Silvius*, who after *Ascanius* died, was received as King by the *Trojans* and *Latins*, and very prosperously reigned many Years. And hence the *Romans*, who took that Name from *Romulus* the first Founder of *Rome*, argued themselves to be descended of the *Trojan* Race; and so highly valued themselves upon it, that the *Julian* Family who founded the Empire boasted themselves to be of the Race of the Gods, because it was fabled *Aeneas* was the Son of *Venus*, the Daughter of *Jupiter*, who

all in Love with *Anchises*, who got on her that
 Hero, from whom, by his Son *Julius* or *Asca-*
nius, descended the *Julian* Family aforesaid;
 of which *Julius Cæsar*, in a Publick Oration,
 made his Boast, declaring, that a Goddess was
 the Source of his Blood.

C H A P. XI.

Antenor likewise arrives and plants a Colony in
Italy. Brute his youngest Son arrives in Britain.

AT the same Time that *Troy* was taken by
 the *Greeks*, *Antenor*, to avoid the Rage
 of his Countrymen, stole away, and after a
 dangerous Voyage, landed in another Part of
Italy, where liking the pleasant Situation of the
 Country, he resolved to fix there; and accord-
 ingly he built a City, which he called *Patta-*
nium, now *Padua*, famous for its University,
 which is the Chiefest in *Italy*.

After which, having reigned Seven Years,
 he died, leaving many Sons; among whom
Brute or *Brutus*, the Youngest, was most active
 and warlike, who being dissatisfied with the
 part allotted him, raised Wars, and struggled
 long with various Success, to make himself a
 sole Monarch: But at last, the united Forces
 of his Brothers prevailing against him, he
 assembled what Forces he could, and seizing
 what Ships were in the Harbours, bid Adieu
 to *Italy*; and sailing through the Streights of
Malta, and Coasting *Spain*, and a Part of
Gallia,

Gallia, now called *France*, hearing of a pleasant Island in the Northern Seas, which the Greeks had named *The Fortunate Island*, and from the abundance of Tin, and other Metals, *Britain* or the *Metal Island*, now *Britain*, gaining some auxiliary Aids of the *Gauls*, he resolved to attempt it; and with a fair Gale arrived on the Coast of the Country now called *Hampshire*, where seizing on the Isle of *Wight*, he resided there some Time to get Intelligence of the Strength of the People who inhabited *Britain* and found these to be a poor and distressed People, the Relicts of the *Symthes*, whom *Albion* and his Giants had driven thither when he overcame the Island. These *Brute* having procured to joyn with him, he landed in the Port where now *Southampton* stands.

C H A P. XII.

Albion, in a bloody Battle, obliges *Brute* to retire. But by a Stratagem in a second Battle is overthrown, and slain. *Gog* and *Magog* take Prisoners. *Brute* lays the Foundations of London, and establishes his Kingdom, &c.

BRUTE having thus got Footing in *Britain*, was preparing to improve the same, when *Albion*, who had named this Island after his own Name, by which it is sometimes called this Day, having Intelligence thereof, raised his whole Power, being Men of a Gigantic Stature, and vast Strength, and bearing

their Arms huge Clubs of knotty Oak, Battle-Axes, Whirlbats of Iron, and Globes full of Spikes, fastned to a long Pole by a Chain; and with these encountring *Brute*, a bloody Battle was fought, wherein the *Trojans* were worsted, and many of them slain, and their whole Army was forced to retire.

Brute hereupon considering the Disadvantage between his Men and the Giants, devised a Stratagem to overthrow them, by digging in the Night a very long and deep Trench, at the Bottom impailing it with sharp Stakes, and covering it with Boughs and rotten Hurdles, on which he caused to be laid dried Leaves and Earth, only leaving some firm Passages well known to his Men, by particular Marks.

This being done, he dared the Giants to a second Battle, which *Albion* readily accepted; and the Fight being begun, after some Dispute, *Brute* seemed to retire, whereupon the Giants pressed on with great Fury; and the *Trojans* stirring nimbly beyond their Trench, made a stand, and ply'd them with a Shower of Darts and Arrows, which manner of Fight they were unacquainted with, whereby many of them were slain. However, *Albion* encouraging his Men to come to Handy-stroaks with their Enemies, they rushed forward, and the Vanguard immediately perished in the Trenches; and the *Trojans* continuing to shoot their Arrows very thick, the Giants were put to flight, and retired into *Cornwal*; where, in another bloody Fight, *Albion* was slain by *Brute*, fighting Hand

to Hand; and his two Brothers Gog and Magog Giants of huge Stature, were taken Prisoners and led in Triumph to the Place where now London stands, and upon those Rifings on the Side of the River *Thames*, founded a City which he called *Troy-novant*, or *New Troy*, and building a Palace where *Guild-Hall* stand caused the two Giants to be chained to the Gate of it, as Porters. In Memory of which it is held, that their Effigies, after their Deaths were set up as they now appear in *Guild-Hall*.

After this *Brute* established his Kingdom in Glory, and reigned prosperously thirty Years and as some hold, named his *Trojans* after his own Name *Brutans*, now corruptly called *Britains*; though others attribute this Name to be given by the *Greeks*. The Successors of this *Brute*, though they had divided the Island under several Branches, reigned 'till the coming of *Julius Caesar*, who made them Tributary to *Rome*.

And though it is said King *Lud* built this City, and named it *Caer-Lud*, or *Lud's Town* now corruptly *London*, one of the Western Gates still bearing his Name; yet we find more than that he repaired it, and enlarged it Westward to the Stone that now is to be seen in *Cannon-street*.

10 JU 52

F I N I S.

THE
SIEGE
OF
TROY,
A TRAGI-COMEDY,

*As it has been often Acted with
Great APPLAUSE.*

CONTAINING
A Description of all the *Scenes, Machines;*
and *Movements*, with the whole *Deco-*
ration of the Play, and Particulars of
the *Entertainment.*



L O N D O N :

Printed in the YEAR, MDCCXXVIII.

ACTORS NAMES.

M *Enelaus*, King of Greece, and Husband to *Q. Helen*, engaged in a Ten Years War in the Siege of *Troy*, in Revenge for the Loss of his Queen, stolen from him by *Paris* Son of *K. Priam*, and living within the Walls of *Troy*, in publick Adultery with him.

Ulysses, K. of *Thrace*, one of the Grecian Princes engag'd in the Quarrel of *K. Menelaus*, the politick Manager of the wooden Horse, built by the Greeks, and left behind them in their feign'd Retreat from before the Walls of *Troy*.

Paris, A Trojan Prince, living in the adulterous Embraces of Queen *Helen*.

Simon, A cunning Grecian, so zealous for the Service of his King, that he cut off his Lips, and Ears, and Nose, dismembring his own Face, being left bound in Irons, under the Belly of the wooden Horse, to be thereby the better enabled from the Sight of such barbarous Sufferings, to render himself the unsuspected Object of their Pity to the Trojan Spectators; from thence by his pitiful Tears and moving Eloquence, to insinuate himself into their easy Belief, as to persuade them to draw the Horse within the City of *Troy*.

W O M E N.

Helen, *K. Menelaus's* Wife, and Mistress to *Paris*.

Cassandra, A Virgin Daughter of *K. Priam*, an exalted Character of Piety and Vertue, inspired by the Gods with the true Spirit of Prophecy, yet never believed; a vehement Prosecutor of *Paris* and *Helen*, for their lewd and wicked Lives, and foretelling the Destruction of *Troy*, as a Vengeance hanging over their Heads, for their impious and hardened Adultery.

Venus, The Goddess of Love, a Patroness to *Paris* and *Helen*.

A numerous Train of Trojan Mob, Spectators of the Wooden Horse; with Guards, Trumpets, Attendants of *K. Menelaus*.



The SIEGE of TROY.

ACT I.

The Curtain is drawn up, and discovers K. Menelaus, Ulysses, Attendants and Guards.

King

NEVER were Wrongs like mine ! an impious Wife,
The Pleasure once, now Torment of my Life.
Why in his Crimes do's still th' Adulterer reign ?
And why for ten long Years have I in vain
Gainst Troy's proud Walls my feeble Vengeance push'd,
Ulys. Droop not, great Sir, for ten Years Labour lost,
When a few Days now seal the Fate of Troy.
Look forwards, Sir, to that prodigious Engine
Of Troy's Destruction, that tall wooden Horse
We have prepar'd, in whose dark Womb of Fate,
Five hundred generous Volunteers all wait,
All all one Stroke to give the fatal Blow.

Fear not Success,

King No ; wise Ulysses, no.

When thy great Hand's the Royal Engineer,
Thy By such Pilots I to Glory steer. *(Sound*

Ulys. Consider, Sir, what managing Hand I've
To move this vast Machine ; the honest Sinon :

Man so hearty in your Royal Cause,
That he has disembell'd even his very Face,
Torn off his Lips and Nose, and torn his Eyes out
To make himself the Object of their Pity.

A 2

That

That by his moving Looks and awful Tears
He may so lull the credulous *Trojans* Ears
To draw that fatal Horse within their Walls.

K. Now Fate, curst *Troy*, for *Destruction* calls :
Revenge, O dear *Revenge*, guide my keen Sword
To the adulterous *Helen's* canker'd Heart ;
And Ob ! 'twill give me more divine Delight,
Than a'll the Raptures of her Bridal Night.

Ul. Our Army thus retir'd, drawn off from *Troy*,
Think what Security do their hush'd Fears enjoy.

K. Thus far our Plot succeeds ; this false Retreat we
Only to come with greater Vengeance back

(make)
[Exeunt.

SCENE II:

Enter Bristle, a Cobler, and his Wife.

Bristle. I tell you once for all, you shall not go.

Wife. Not go to see the great Horse the *Grecians*
have left behind 'em ?

Bristle. To be Hors'd your self, you Jade : What !
because the *Grecians* have left a wooden Horse
behind 'em, and are all march'd off like Asses
themselves, you must be galloping amongst the
Mob, must you ? to see Sights with a Pox to
you ! Get you home to your Wheel and spin,
or I'll so maul you —

Wife. Spin ! ah, 'twas a cursed hard Thread
I spun when I marry'd such a Cobling Rogue,
a Rogue that Back beats me, and Belly-starves
me too, a scribbling, sneaking, fumbling Rogue
that has got me but one Child in twenty Years
and gives me but three Meals a Day to keep Life
and Soul together.

Bristle. Here's an impudent Sow's-baby !

The Siege of Troy.

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Wife. Well, I am resolved I will go abroad, and this Sight, though the Devil stay at home and piss out the Fire.

Bristle. Will you so! Then I'm resolved I'll give your Whore's Hide such a Lick of Styrrup Leather 'till I make your own Devilship piss it out.

[Beats her.

Wife. Help! help! Murder!

Within. Huzza! huzza!

Enter Mob.

Mob. { *speaking* } The Horse! the Horse! the Horse!
Mob. { *all toge.* } The Greeks! the Greeks! the Greeks!
Mob. { *shout* } All run, run, run!

Bristle. Hold, hold, hold, Neighbours. Let one Man speak at once.

All. Ay, ay, let our Neighbour *Bristle* speak first.

Bristle. Then mark me, good Folks, we are all going to see this great Horse?

All. Ay, ay; the Horse, the Horse!

Bristle. Look ye then, Neighbours, let us march soberly and decently in roaring good Order, as those civil Gentlemen, call'd the Mob, should do; and I'll be Captain *Tom* your Leader.

1st Mob. You our Leader! Why, who are you?

Bristle. Who am I, *Jack Sance*? Why, I am the second Man in the Nation; I am the King's head Cobler.

All. A Cbler?

Bristle. Ay, who but a Cbler? I'd have you know that I am the Man that put such a stout Sole upon the King's last Neat Leather Shoes, that he has kickt the whole *Grecian Army* quite out of the Kingdom, and his Majesty and I are the two great Savers of the Nation.

The Siege of Troy.

All. Ay, ay, a Captain! a Captain, a Captain?
Bristle. Then follow your Leader. But for
 you, Jilflirt, get ye home, ye Jade, or I'll
 strangle you. [Exeunt all but Wife and 3d Mob.]

3d Mob. A barbarous hard-hearted Man!

Wife. Barbarous indeed, if you knew all.

3d Mob. And to so pretty a Creature!

Wife. O Laud, Sir, pretty!

3d Mob. So pretty that I must make bold.

[Kisses her.]

Wife. Now Blessings on the Honey sweet Eyes
 of you, dear Sir. O this unnatural Brute of a
 Husband! has he no more Conscience in him,
 than to keep me lockt up at home, when there
 are such kind Gentlemen, and such sweet Com-
 forts abroad in the World.

[Exeunt.]

*The Scene opens and discovers Paris and Helen,
 fronting the Audience, riding in a triumphant Cha-
 riot, drawn by two white Elephants, mounted by
 two Pages in embroider'd Liveries. The side
 Wings are ten Elephants more, bearing on their
 Backs open Castles, umbraged with Canopies of
 Gold; the ten Castles fill'd with ten Persons richly
 dress'd, the Retinue of Paris; and on the Elephants
 Necks ride ten more Pages in the like rich Dress.
 Beyond and over the Chariot, is seen a Vistee of
 the City of Troy; on the Walls of which stand
 several Trumpeters seen behind and over the Head
 of Paris, who sound at the Opening of the Scene.*

Paris. Whilst the fair Helen in these Arms I twine,
 These Sweets and all this beautiful Treasure mine;
 Ten smiling Years crown'd with my vast delight,
 Have been but one continued Nuptial Night.

Helen.

The Seige of Troy.

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Helen. O *Paris*, for thy *Love* what have I done!
 What *Storms* have I pull'd down! what *Dangers* run,
Asia and *Europe* wak'd with *Wars* *Alarms*!
 Set *Kingdoms* in a *Blaze*, and all the *World* in *Arms*!
Paris. But now those *Wars* are done, and *Troy's* invincible
 Yes, my fair *Life*, the *Coward* *Greeks* are fled,
 And leave me *Lord* of *Thee* —
 And now when the try'd *World's* long *Discord* cease!
 We'll tune our *Trumps* of *War* to *Songs* of *Peace*.
 Where *Hector* dragg'd in *Blood*, I'll drive around,
 The *Walls* of *Troy* with *Love* and *Lawrels* crown'd.

Enter Cassandra.

Cass. O *Paris*, *Paris*! all this pageant *Pride*,
 And that triumphant *Sorceress* by thy side!
 What *Banners* can hard-fronted *Sin* display,
 When vile *Adultery* adorn'd so gay,
 Dares front the *Light*, and shame the *blushing* *Day*! }
Helen. O my dear *Paris*, is that *Scriech-Owl* here?
 Will that eternal *Torturer* never leave us?
C. No, black *Adulteress*, close as thy dark *Fate* I follow
 [thee,

And loud as thy own crying *Guilt*, I come,
 To echo *thine* and *Troy's* approaching *Doom*.
 Yet, head'long *Paris*, stop thy mad *Career*,
 And to the *Voice* of *Fate* unlock thy *Ear*.
 Hear *Heaven* and me: Not three short *Suns* shall rise,
 Ere *burning* *Troy* one *Heap* of *Ruine* lies!
P. Preaching *Fool*! more *Dreams*, more *Visions*
 [still,

Must fill of *Stars* and *Fate* my *Ears* to fill?
 What empty *Noise* and *Nonsense* never cease,
 And my wild *Frenzy* never give me *Peace*:
 No *Peace*, *Paris*! no; with all thy *Load* of *Sin*
 So *black* and thou must never meet agen.
 What *everlasting* *War*! the batt'ling *World*,

A 4

And

And angry Gods with all the Bolts of Fate,
 Blood, Fire and Sword, for thy Destruction wait.
 In Troy's one blazing Heap, one funeral Urn,
 Shalt thou and thy adul'rous Minion burn,

Par. No more, bold Insolent, I'll hear no more,
 Do not provoke my Vengeance thus to date,
 With thy vile Breath prophane this heav'nly Fair;
 For if thou dost, by all the Pow'rs I swear,
 I'll drive my Chariot o'er thy trampled Head,
 Beneath my rowling Wheels I'll crush thee dead.

C. Yes, thou shalt hear no more, lascivious Boy,
 Stain to the Blood! from thee, the Fate of Troy!
 Thy blushing Sister takes her weeping Eyes,
 Not from thy Threats, but from thy Shame she
 flies.

[Exit.

Venus descends in a Chariot drawn by two Swans.

Par. Hark! what Celestial Musick's this I hear!
 See, see Love's Goddess from her heavenly Sphere,
 Bright *Venus* dress'd in her divinest Ray,
 Descends to grace the Triumphs of this Day.

Ven. Yes, *Paris*, Lord of the fair *Helen's* Charms
 I gave that darling Beauty to thy Arms,
 And will preserve her here.

Secure for ever thy rich Prize enjoy:
 No envious Cloud shall your fair Peace destroy,
 I'll shine the Guardian Deity of Troy.

Paris. O I am lost in Raptures: high
 Grace!

But where's my Vassal? where's my waiting
 Train?

Quick, quick, ye Slaves, for Goodness so divine,
 Join all your *Airs*, your *Songs of Triumph* join.

The Siege of Troy.

9

The Ten rich Figures in the Castles of the Elephants, address themselves to the Goddess with this following Piece of Musick in Chorus.

S O N G.

HA I L beauteous Goddess, all Divine,
Our up-rais'd Eyes and Hearts are thine ;
To Love we pray, to Love we kneel,
Thy Pow'r we own, Thy Darts we feel.
To thy bright Sway, thy Sovereign Throne,
Not suppliant Mortals bend alone ;
To the blind God, thy Boy, and Thee,
Even Jove, Almighty Jove, here bends a Knee.

A C T II.

The Scene opens, and in a Wood without the Walls of Troy, appears the Trojan Horse, being a Figure of that Magnitude, that 'tis 17 Foot high to the Top of his Back. The whole Figure magnificently adorn'd with all the Trappings, Furniture of a War Horse, set off with rich Gildings, Plumes of Feathers, and all other suitabl Decerations.

Under his Feet lies Sison, with a mangled Face all bloody, his Nose cut off, his Eyes out, &c. bound in Irons.

Enter Mob.

Captain **A**Y, ay, here 'tis! Here's the Wonder Bristle. of Greece, and the Honour of Troy! All our own Boys, Huzza!

1 Mob. Well! I never saw such a Sight in all my b rn Days!

2 Mob. Ay, Neighbour, 'tis a wonderful Beast, that's certain.

Capt. B. ast! Udzooks, have a care what you say! Call such a noble Creature Beast! why 'tis enough to make him up with his wooden Leg, and kick your Guts out,

A 5

1 Mob.

The Siege of Troy.

2 *Mob.* I vow and swear, Captain, 'twas before I was aware; but I beg the Horse's Princely Pardon, and am his Highnesses most humble Servant.

Enter Mrs. Bristle.

2 *Mob.* And how dost thou like this noble Palefrey?

Wife. O wondrous! 'tis a delicate fine Beaushap'd Creature! Ah, that I had a Coach and Six such Horses, what a topping Countess should I make?

Capt. And are you got hither, with a Vengeance to you?

Wife. Ay, my Dear, and all the reason in the World. Now this noble Troop of Trojans have made you their Captain, I could do no less my Dear, for thy Honour, than bring my sweet Face hither, to show 'em the Captain's Lady.

Sinon groans.

Capt. Who's that groans? *Sinon groans again.*

2 *Mob.* Look, look there! what's He all g th'd with Blood and Wounds, that lyes in Chains beneath the Horse's Feet.

All. Let's unbind him, unbind him.

[They unbind him.]

Enter Ulysses disguised.

Ulyss. Now 'tis my Hour to mix amongst the Crowd. This Shape secures me.

2 *Mob.* What are you, Friend? *[To Sinon.]*

Sinon. A Man, Sir, and a grateful one; Whilst on my Knees I thank the generous Hands That have unloos'd my Chains.

Mob. Who bound thee?

Sinon. Villains.

Mob. What Villains?

Sinon. Cowardly ones. The Coward Greeks, They who durst face no more the Walls of Troy, But are all run.—

Mob. Run whither?

Sinon. To the Devil, I hope.

Durst

The Siege of Troy.

II

Durst bind an *Innocent Wretch*, load me with Irons,
And gash me thus with all these hideous Wounds,
The natural Marks of Cowardise, Barbarity.

Wife. Ay, Neighbour, what a sweet Face is
there spoil'd !

Mob. Ay, poor Man; they were a pack of
wicked Rogues that did all this.

Wife. Ay, and wicked Whores too, Neighbour,
if the Truth were known.

Simon. O lend your pitying Ear to a poor bleeding
Martyr.

For one poor harmless Word, one slight Offence,
The Tyrant King of *Greece* has given me all
These hideous Brands, for which I owe him Death :
Curses and Thunder blast him !

Wife. Ay, Friend, you do well to say your
Prayers backwards for him. And was it King
Menelaus that used you thus unmercifully ?

Simon. The Tyrant *Menelaus*.

Wife. Ay, 'tis like him : Cuckolds are always
Tyrants. My old Rogue is just such another.

Capt. Hark you, Neighbours; look ye, this
Fellow well manag'd, may give us full Light and
Discovery why the *Greeks* are run, and when they
run, and how they run, and whither they run.

Mob. A very good Thought.

Mob. Ay, noble Captain. But who dares trust
him ? he's a *Greek* himself.

Ulyss. Not trust him, Gentlemen ! who dares not
trust him ? What tho' a *Grecian* born, with that
torn Face, and all those gaping Wounds, he's
too much loaded with Wrongs and Miseries to
serve such Masters now.

Capt. Adad he's i'th' right.

Mob. A true *Trojan*, I warrant him. He talks
like an Oracle.

Wife.

Wife. Ay, a very pretty Fellow, only his Beard's a little too long.

Capt. Then, look ye; we'll ask him two or three wise Questions; and then carry him to King Priam to be examined. Pray, Friend, why did the Grecians leave this Horse behind 'em?

Sin. The Gods that warn'd 'em from the Siege of Troy,

Commanded 'em to leave this Monument
A Pledge of Peace ne'er to return in Arms.

1 Mob. This Monument we'll have drawn into the City.

All. Ay, ay! into the City, into the City!

Capt. Hold, hold a little; How will you get it there? the Gates are all too low.

3 Mob. Ay, Pox o' the Devil; all, all too low.

1 Mob. A lundone! all ruined!

2 Mob. The whole Show spoil'd! we shall never get it in.

All. O never, never, never!

Ulyss. What! all a-mort, my honest Friends and Country-men?

Not lead this Trophy of the Trojan G'ory
Into fair Troy's proud City; 'cause the Gates,
Are only arch'd too low! Let not that stop ye,
Pull down the Walls, and give it Entrance there.

All. Pull down the Walls!

Ulyss. Ay, Gentlemen, make a large Breach, if possible,

Large as your own Great Souls; the Walls pull down,

And have it drawn in Triumph thro' the Town.

1 Mob. Do you hear that, noble Captain?

1 Capt. Ay, Pox on't, do I hear it; what a Dunc of a Dog am I that I could not think of this?

2 Mob. And what shall we do now, Captain?

Capt. Do! why pull down the Walls, pull down the Walls.

All. Ay,

The Siege of Troy.

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All. Ay, pull down the Walls, Huzza.

[*Exeunt.*]

The Scene shuts.

Ulyss. Now Vengeance moves secure. Now
impious *Paris* !

Thy Mother's fatal Dream when thou wert born,
That from her Womb she had a Firebrand torn,
Should set all *Troy* in Flames, shall be fulfill'd,
All seal'd with Fate—*Troy* shall in Flames expire,
This Arm, and thy hot Lust shall light the Fire.
[*Exit.*]

Enter Cassandra alone.

Cass. Why was I born *Troy's* Virgin Oracle,
Th' impending Fate of Empire to foretel,
Yet never be believ'd ?—— Yet at the last
I've begg'd the Gods a Miracle to perform :
No more then *Paris's* deaf Ears ill storm,
His nobler Senses now I will surprize,
And preach bright Reason to his blinded Eyes.
[*Exit.*]

The Scene opens and discovers the Temple of Diana,
consisting of ten Pieces of Painting, in each of
which are seen ten Statues of the Heathen Gods,
viz. Jupiter, Juno, Pallas, Apollo. Neptune,
Thetis, Mars, Venus, Ceres and Mercury.
In the Temple is a rich Altar piece, in the middle
of which, on a Pedestal, stands a young Woman
dress'd in Cloth of Gold, representing the Statue of
Diana, holding a Hunting spear in her Hand ;
and on two other Pedestals, stand two more young
Women, representing two of her Nymphs. Over
this Altar-piece are seen three beautiful Circles of
Clouds, and Diana is seen driving in a Chariot
drawn by two Hinds.

Enter

*Enter a Procession of Priests and Priestesses in
Vestments adorn'd with Silver Crescents.*

Vocal Musick.

Bright Cynthia, sovereign Queen of Light,
With a lily Vassal-Stars so bright,
Where the Celestial Glories shine;

To thee, to thee,

We bend a Knee,

Our Song of Triumph thine.

*Enter Paris and Helen. Their Trains bore up by
two or three Pages.*

Paris. Since Troy's Deliverance at Diana's Shrine,
Has brought you here to pay your Rites divine,
This Sacred Song with that Attraction draws,
That take our Knees join'd in this hallow'd Case.

Priest. If our resounding Song of Triumph calls
Such princely Heads to grace our sacred Walls,
Rise, raise your Airs, if possible yet higher;
When such Illustrious Glory joins the Choir.

Procession begins again.

Bright Cynthia, to our solemn Vows
Thy gracious Ear incline;

Behold no less than princely Brows

Our solemn Offerings join.

Our Foes are run,

Our Fears are done;

The Greeks are fled, and Troy's our own.

Enter Cassandra.

Helen. Ha! do I see that persecuting Face!
Brings the new Leads of Scandal; new Disgrace
To throw on my fair Fame!

Par. No Danger fear,
These sacred Walls will bear no Insult here.

Cass. O Paris, what mistaken Piety
Has brought thee here? Can'st thou who bend'st
a Knee

To impious Love, t'unchast and loose Desire,
How to Diana, join her Virgin Choir?

Par. What brings thee here? thou gav'st thy
Word before

That I should hear that croaking Voice no more,

C. And I'll perform my Word: I come not now
To court thy Ears, but to convert thy Eyes.

The Gods have given me pow'r to act a Miracle.
Tell thou those glitt'ring Statues of the Deities,
All their shining Robes of Gold array'd?

Par. Yes, all too bright for thy weak Blast to
shade.

Cass. Those radiant Forms, if possible, to sable,
Dark as thy Crimes, I'll at one Breath transform,
And hang yon smiling Skies with all the Flames
of Hell.

Here Cassandra moves her Wand, and in the Twink-
ling of an Eye the ten Golden statues in the Paint-
ing, are all turn'd to black, and the three Figures
on the Pedestals are likewise stript of th'ir Cloth of
Gold, and all dress'd in black; and the whole Vistoe
of the Heavens is changed to a flaming Hell.

Cass. Now, Paris, since thou'st lent so deaf
an Ear

To all my Oracles of Truth, see there!

Will you believe your Eyes?

Par. My Eyes!

Cass. Yes, Infidel,

Will all those dreadful Sights convince?

Par. Sights! ——— What Sights?

Cass. That hideous, that amazing Scene!

Par. Cassandra, What do's this Distraction mean?

Cass. The very Gods their Heads in Sable shroud,
And yon bright Skies in one infernal Cloud;
Wept round with Horror, mourn the Fate of
Troy.

Par. What Clouds? what Sable?

Cass. Look, look there, blind Boy!

Par. Sister, mad, foolish, wretched, thoughtless
Thing,

To idle Miracles make no more Pretence;
I prithee rave no more; learn to talk Sense.
But kneel, O kneel, and beg the pitying Gods
To pardon thee this impious Profanation,
Enough to make their very Images
Whose shining Beams our dazed Eyes behold,
If possible, blush through their burn'd Gold,
To hear thee talk thus wildly.

Cass. Then thou seest not
Yond dismal Transformation? *Par.* Transformation
I see thee all transform'd. Thou that wert born
A Princess, Heir to all that should adorn
The Courts of Kings, with royal Reason crown'd
But Oh! thy whole fair Senses lost and drown'd,
Thou'rt in thy mad fantastick Frenzy hurld,
A roving Lunatick round the wander'd World.

Cass. O what Confusion strikes my startled Ear,
And do you, reverend Men, see nothing there
No Change in that high Roof?

Priest. A Change in thee
We see with pity. Thy lost Wits we see.

Cass. Now I am lost! the low'ring Destinies
Are only visible to these poor Eyes,
And walk in Clouds to all the World beside.
Now mourn, *Cassandra*, thy lost Country mourn,
In vain my helpless Hand her Fate wou'd turn,
O *Paris*, thou must bleed, and *Troy* must burn!

Hel. Now, my dear Love, I am for ever
thine.

Par. Yes, my fair Life, whilst thy bright
Beams divine,
And all those Golden Gods our Guardians shine.

ACT III.

The Scene opens, and discovers the Town of Troy, consisting of ten Pieces of uniform Painting, representing a Street of magnificent Buildings, terminating with a double Wall of the City, and over the Wall is seen an upper Town. In the Center of this City stands the Horse, out of whose Sides, in the Sight of the Audience, two Ladders slip out, and immediately near forty Soldiers with Officers, issue out of the Body of the Horse, all with their drawn Swords.

First Officer.

[Throats

NOW the great Work draws on! the Trojan Will now a cheap and easie Prize be found, In their dead Sleep and drunken Revels drown'd. Off. But hush, lie close, 'till the great Signal's The King and all the Army wait without [giv'n, To second the great Blow we must begin, Returning by the Night's protecting Shade, Entering that Breach the Trojan Hands have made.

[The Scene shuts.

Enter Mob drunk.

1 Mob. Well, Captain, we have had a tory tory Night on't.

Capt. Ay, Neighbour, the noble Prince Paris has made all the Conduits in the Town piss Claret, and given us such Feasting and Topping, and Fiddling and Roaring, 'till we are all Princes as great as himself.

All. Ay, ay, all Princes, all Princes!

Capt. O Neighbours, here are rare Days coming on. Now the Wars are done, and Peace and Plenty are pouring in upon us; we shall have no Trade but Eating and Drinking: we shall

shall have six half-penny Loaves for a Farthing
and every pint Pot shall hold a Gallon.

2 *Mob.* But are you sure these blessed Days
are a coming?

Cap. Sure: why I have Prince *Paris's* own
Word for't.

3 *Mob.* And we may take his Word; for he's
a gracious good Prince.

Capt. And we his loyal and obedient Subjects
after his own pious Example, walk uprightly,
and live soberly, and are all drunk for Joy.

Enter Wife.

Wife. Ay, there's my Beast, *Capt. Tom*, and
Capt. Set too. Pox on him, now must I play
the Hypocrite, and coaxes him home to Bed: If
I don't, I am sure I shall have but a foul Load
of Garbidge of him to-morrow Morning. Have
I found thee, my Deary? Well, my Dear, thou
hast made a merry Night on't. But come Chick-
en, 'tis past Midnight, and prithee let's home to
Bed.

Capt. What, go like a poor Dog to Bed with
my own Wife! No, Hussy, I'd have you to know,
I'll keep a Whore like Prince *Paris*; a Whore
you B--.

Wife. A Whore! Ay, ay, thou shalt keep a
Whore. Thou shalt keep me, my Dear; and
so prithee go home to Bed.

3 *Mob.* Ay, noble Captain, take her good
Counsel; 'tis nigh sleeping Time, and so let's
all home to Bed.

Capt. Say yo so?

*Then home let's be jogging, there take t'other Nogging,
Be drunk both without and within Doors;
A Pack o' mad Fellows, we'll burn, burn the Bellows,
And throw the whole House out o' th' Windows.*

Th

The Siege of Troy.

19

The Scene opens, and discovers the Town without the Horse. Enter King, Ulysses, Grecians, Guards and Attendants, all with drawn Swords in one Hand, and lighted Flambeaux in the other.

King. Now, Vengeance, thou'rt my own!
Now, impious Troy!

*Thy Fall draws on. Burn, ravish and destroy;
Heap Piles of Fire thro' ev'ry flaming Street.*

Ulyss. And sheath your Swords in all the
Throats you meet.

King. Spare neither Age nor Sex.

Ulyss. Nor Shrines nor Temples save,
Make all one crimson, and one blazing Grave.

King. Pull both with Fire and Sword, that
Vengeance down,

Till Troy shall ev'n at once both burn and drown:
Think how you build th' adulterous Helen's Urn,
Hot as her Lust, her Funeral Pile shou'd burn.

During these Commands given by the King, the Soldiers run up and down the Streets, seemingly setting the Town on Fire, whilst near forty Windows or Port-holes in the several Paintings, all appear on Fire, the Flames catching from House to House, and all perform'd by Illuminations and transparent Paintings seen scatter'd thro' the Scenes, both in the Upper and Lower Town. [Exit.

Here enter several Trojans in various and distracted Postures, through the flaming Streets, pursued by the Grecians; other Grecians running away with young Women in their Arms, all with several Shrieks and Cries, &c.

Enter Paris.

(fal Fire

P. O these dread Flames! Jove pours his wrath-
Against poor Troy; both Men and Fates conspire
But.

The Siege of Troy.

But Fire and Sword fall with an easie Weight,
I've lost my *Helen*! there's my Stroke of Fate!

Enter Cassandra. (*Troy*)

Cass. Now, Unbeliever, see those blazing Ruins

Par. Cassandra!

Cass. Behold thy Country, Father, Brothers,
All, all thy bleeding Victims! see their Fall,
And tremble at thy own; their burning Graves
Not ha'f so hot as thy infernal Fires.

Par. I dare not see that Face; it strikes a Blush.

C. If thou canst blush, blush to the Gods, not me.
What though the black Adulterer, yet thou art
A Brother still, and I've a Sister's Heart.

Par. O divine Goodness! now I am lost indeed,
'Tis thro' this only Wound my Soul cou'd bleed.

C. Farewel; prepare to die, thou hast not Three
Repenting Minutes left 'twixt Death and thee,
Forsook by all the World, and only mourn'd by me.

P. Thou Oracle of Fate, to thy great Doom I bow
Not overlook'd by Death, I'll meet him now. [*Exit*]

Enter King, Ulysses, and Guards.

King. Burn out, my blazing Vengeance, burn
so bright,

'Till the pale Stars of this immortal Night,
Shrink in their Heads at thy diviner Light.

Enter Paris.

Par. Where is the Fate I'd meet?

King. Traytor, 'tis here.

Par. I know that Face too well.

King. And this keen Steel
Shall know thy Heart as well.

Ulyss. Hold, Sir, disgrace not
Your Royal Sword with such polluted Blood;
An Axe, a Scaffold, and a Hangman's Hand,
Best fit so vile a Traytor's Execution. [*King*]

The Siege of Troy.

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K. Unkind *Ulysses*, would'st thou rob my *Glory*,
His *Death*, and by this *Arm of Justice* given.
No, Paris, meet thy *Fate*, and from this *Hand*;
Let publick *Scaffolds* meaner *Heads* demand.
Tho' thy *Soul's* blacker than *Perdition*, still
Thou'st *Priam's* *Royal Blood* thy *Veins* to fill:
That only *Claim* do's for his *Vengeance* call,
Thou'rt born a *Prince*, and by a *King* shall fail.
Thus to thy *Heart*! [*Fights and kills Paris.*]

Paris. O *King*! thou'st aim'd too well.

K. Down, *Royal Monster*, to thy *Throne* in *Hell*

Paris. Vain *World*! and what's more vain,
fond *Love*, farewell. Dies.

Helen Enters above.

Hel. My *Paris* *Dead*! On this said *Object* fixt;
Eyes look your last, 'tis *Helen's* *Fate* comes next!

K. Ha! Seize the *Traitress*, bring her to my *Venge-*
[*ance,*

Bring her *Alive*, for *Wheels*, and *Racks*, and *Tortures*,
Whole *Years* of *Death*.

Hel. No, I defy thy *Pow'r*!

Here I am safe, within this *Flaming Tow'r*.
I see what *Fate* does my dear *Paris* share;
For him I liv'd, for him alone was fair:
And since my *Joys* in his cold *Urn* lie *Dead*,
These curling *Flames* shall be my last warm *Bed*,
Look up then to this shining *Bed of Fire*,
And see the *Phoenix* of the *World* expire.

[*Leaps down into the Fire.*]

King. She has bravely 'scap'd me.

Ulyss. Yes, when thus she fell.

She has pe form'd, Great *Sir*, an Ill *Part* well.

K. 'Tis done! 'tis done! this *Brace of Traitors*
[*slain,*

This one *Night's* *Joys* rewards my *Ten Years* *Pain*.

[*Exit. Scene shuts.*

Enter

Enter Captain Tom, and Three of the Mob.

Capt. And are we sure we are all alive, Neighbours?

1 Mob. We hope we are.

Capt. Hope! alas, Hopes are all deceitful. For we that are here were all living Men but Yesterday, and who knows but we shall find our selves all knockt o'the Head to morrow Morning, so soon as we are Awake?

2 Mob. Truly, like enough. And yet I hope we are got a little out of Harms way; out of the Walls of that miserable Town of Slaughter.

3 Mob. Ay, miserable indeed; for never was such Fire and Sword work ever seen. Ay, Captain, our poor Neighbour *Scitch* the Taylor, I saw him drop.

Capt. And how did he drop?

3 Mob. O, strangely, very strangely! Tho' the good Man was as honest a poor Cuckold as any in the Kingdom, yet his Horns could not secure his Head. His Brains were knock'd out.

Capt. Alas, poor *Scitch*!

3 Mob. And then there's that honest true Pitcher-man, *Ralph Horsenail* the Farrier: He poor Fellow had his Head cut off.

Capt. His Head cut off! and how did the poor Fellow look after his Head was cut off? I warrant ye, very sheepishly. Ay, Neighbours, to have one's Head cut off, is enough to put any Man out of Countenance.

Capt. Ay, Captain, as you say, the poor Fellow was a little dasht at it; but the honest Lad had the good Fortune to catch his Head before it fell, and is bringing it under his Arm, as fast as his weak Legs can bear him, to desire

his

A good Friend Captain *Bisfe* to lend him an Awl and a Cobler's End to stitch it on again.

Capt. I stitch it on again ! Alas, I am quite broke ! my Ends and my Awls, and my whole Hall burnt down. Nay, my poor Wife's burnt too. I have lost as good a Wife as a Man could desire to part withal.

1 Mob. The poor *Cassandra* has been a true prophetess.

2 Mob. Ay, and I might have been a Prophet too, if I had thought on't. I am sure I have seen Signs and Tokens enough to prognosticate sad Times, dismal Times !

Capt. What Signs and Tokens ?

2 Mob. Why, 'twas no longer ago than yester Night, as I was at Supper in the Chimney-corner, a whole Family of Swallows that had occupied the Tenement these ten Years, fell down, Nest and all, into the Porridge-pot, and quite spoil'd the Broth.

Capt. Oh wondrous ! the Fate of *Troy* to a Tittle ! Down fell the Nest of Swallows : Down falls the City of *Troy*. And where was this Fall but in the Chimney, all in Fire and Smoak ? *Troy, Troy*, again exactly ! Then into what did they fall but the Porridge-pot ? And how many thousand poor Families have this Night went to Pot, as well as the Nest of Swallows ? ——— Ah, Neighbour ! hadst thou been an honest Man, and a true Subject, and went and told the King this prodigious Warning piece, is had been enough to have open'd his Eyes to the Nation's Danger, and have sav'd the Town, and all our Lives.

The Scene opens and discovers a Grove, terminating with an Triumphal Arch, with two Figures of Fame hanging beneath the Arch; and beyond the Arch, over a Terras-Walk, is seen a Beautiful Garden of six side Wings adorn'd with Statues, and ending in a Vistoe of Garden-work.

The King, Ulysses, and all his Grecians and Guards appearing by him.

Mob. Where are we now ?

King. Stop your denoying Hands, your Swords all sheath,

We have had enough of Ruin, Fire and Death.
For you poor Wretches, you've severely felt,
The Arm of Vengeance for your Prince's Guilt;
And do deserve our Pity. — — —

Here I have finisht my Revenge. Enjoy
Your Lives and Liberties; go and rebuild your Troy.

Mob. Huzzah !

Capt. of the Mob. Hark ye Friend; [*Speaking to a Grecian*] pray tell your King from me, he's a very civil Gentleman; and since he's so humbly Gracious to bid us build our Town again, strike up Fiddles, we'll give him a Song and a Dance at parting.

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An Entertainment of severall Dialogues and Dances. After which, the King and the rest come forward, and Ulysses speaks.

Ulyss. Ladies, set Helen's Fate before your Eyes,
A virtuous Bed, and Husband's Love to prize.
One Wanton, her unchaste Desires c'enjoy,
Pull'd down her own, and the whole Fate of Troy.

F I N I S.

